MEMOIR

OF

FLEEMING JENKIN

BY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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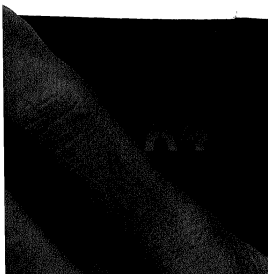
PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

ON the death of Fleeming Jenkin, his family and friends determined to publish a selection of his various papers; by way of introduction, the following pages were drawn up; and the whole, forming two considerable volumes, has been issued in England. In the States, it has not been thought advisable to reproduce the whole; and the memoir appearing alone, shorn of that other matter which was at once its occasion and its justification, so large an account of a man so little known may seem to a stranger out of all proportion. But Jenkin was a man much more remarkable than the mere bulk or merit of his work approves him. It was in the world, in the commerce of friendship, by his brave attitude towards life, by his high moral value and unwearied intellectual effort, that he struck the

minds of his contemporaries. His was an individual figure, such as authors delight to draw, and all men to read of, in the pages of a novel. His was a face worth painting for its own sake. If the sitter shall not seem to have justified the portrait, if Jenkin, after his death, shall not continue to make new friends, the fault will be altogether mine.

R. L. S.

SARANAC, *Oct.*, 1887.



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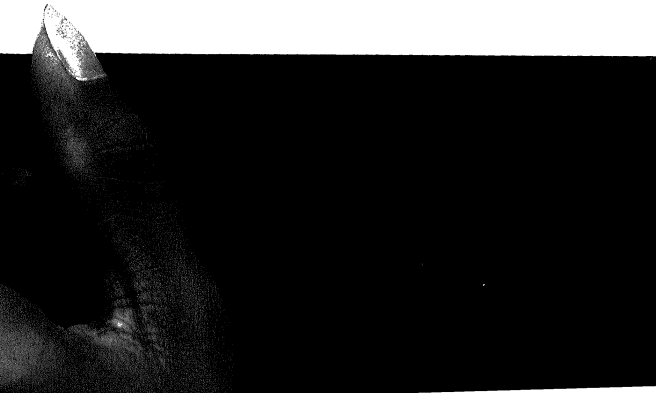
CHAPTER I.

The Jenkins of Stowting—Fleeming's grandfather—Mrs. Buckner's fortune—Fleeming's father; goes to sea; at St. Helena; meets King Tom; service in the West Indies; end of his career—The Campbell-Jacksons—Fleeming's mother—Fleeming's uncle John.

IN the reign of Henry VIII., a family of the name of Jenkin, claiming to come from York, and bearing the arms of Jenkin ap Philip of St. Melans, are found reputably settled in the county of Kent. Persons of strong genealogical pinion pass from William Jenkin, Mayor of Folkestone in 1555, to his contemporary 'John Jenkin, of the Citie of York, Receiver General of the County,' and thence, by way of Jenkin ap Philip, to the proper summit of any Cambrian pedigree—a prince; 'Guaith Voeth, Lord of Cardigan,' the name and style of him. It may



suffice, however, for the present, that these Kentish Jenkins must have undoubtedly derived from Wales, and being a stock of some efficiency, they struck root and grew to wealth and consequence in their new home.

Of their consequence we have proof enough in the fact that not only was William Jenkin (as already mentioned) Mayor of Folkestone in 1555, but no less than twenty-three times in the succeeding century and a half, a Jenkin (William, Thomas, Henry, or Robert) sat in the same place of humble honour. Of their wealth we know that in the reign of Charles I., Thomas Jenkin of Eythorne was more than once in the market buying land, and notably, in 1633, acquired the manor of Stowting Court. This was an estate of some 320 acres, six miles from Hythe, in the Bailiwick and Hundred of Stowting, and the Lathe of Shipway, held of the Crown *in capite* by the service of six men and a constable to defend the passage of the sea at Sandgate. It had a chequered history before it fell into the hands of Thomas of Eythorne, having been sold and given from one to another—to the Archbishop, to Herrngods, to the Burgh-

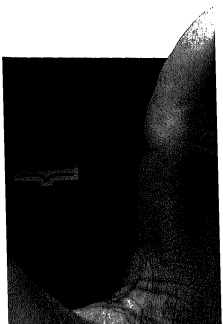
ershes, to Pavelys, Trivets, Cliffords, Wenlocks, Beauchamps, Nevilles, Kempes, and Clarkes: a piece of Kentish ground condemned to see new faces and to be no man's home. But from 1633 onward it became the anchor of the Jenkin family in Kent; and though passed on from brother to brother, held in shares between uncle and nephew, burthened by debts and jointures, and at least once sold and bought in again, it remains to this day in the hands of the direct line. It is not my design, nor have I the necessary knowledge, to give a history of this obscure family. But this is an age when genealogy has taken a new lease of life, and become for the first time a human science; so that we no longer study it in quest of the Guaith Voeths, but to trace out some of the secrets of descent and destiny; and as we study, we think less of Sir Bernard Burke and more of Mr. Galton. Not only do our character and talents lie upon the anvil and receive their temper during generations; but the very plot of our life's story unfolds itself on a scale of centuries, and the biography of the man is only an episode in the epic of the family. From this point of view I ask the reader's leave

to begin this notice of a remarkable man who was my friend, with the accession of his great-grandfather, John Jenkin.

This John Jenkin, a grandson of Damaris Kingsley, of the family of 'Westward Ho!' was born in 1727, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Frewen, of Church House, Northiam. The Jenkins had now been long enough intermarrying with their Kentish neighbours to be Kentish folk themselves in all but name; and with the Frewens in particular their connection is singularly involved. John and his wife were each descended in the third degree from another Thomas Frewen, Vicar of Northiam, and brother to Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York. John's mother had married a Frewen for a second husband. And the last complication was to be added by the Bishop of Chichester's brother, Charles Buckner, Vice-Admiral of the White, who was twice married, first to a paternal cousin of Squire John, and second to Anne, only sister of the Squire's wife, and already the widow of another Frewen. The reader must bear Mrs. Buckner in mind; it was by means of that lady that Fleeming Jenkin began life as a poor man.

Meanwhile, the relationship of any Frewen to any Jenkin at the end of these evolutions presents a problem almost insoluble; and we need not wonder if Mrs. John, thus exercised in her immediate circle, was in her old age 'a great genealogist of all Sussex families, and much consulted.' The names Frewen and Jenkin may almost seem to have been interchangeable at will; and yet Fate proceeds with such particularity that it was perhaps on the point of name that the family was ruined.

The John Jenkins had a family of one daughter and five extravagant and unpractical sons. The eldest, Stephen, entered the Church and held the living of Salehurst, where he offered, we may hope, an extreme example of the clergy of the age. He was a handsome figure of a man; jovial and jocular; fond of his garden, which produced under his care the finest fruits of the neighbourhood; and like all the family, very choice in horses. He drove tandem; like Jehu, furiously. His saddle horse, Captain (for the names of horses are piously preserved in the family chronicle which I follow), was trained to break into a gallop as soon as the vicar's foot



was thrown across its back; nor wo
be drawn in the nine miles betwee
and the Vicarage door. Debt was
proper element; he used to skulk
in the chancel of his church; and t
Captain may have come sometimes
an early age this unconventional pars
his cook, and by her he had two da
one son. One of the daughters died
the other imitated her father, and m
prudently.' The son, still more ga
tinuing the tradition, entered the ar
himself with debt, was forced to se
refuge in the Marines, and was lost o
ger Bank in the war-ship *Minotaur*.
not marry below him, like his father
and a certain great-uncle William,
haps because he never married at all.

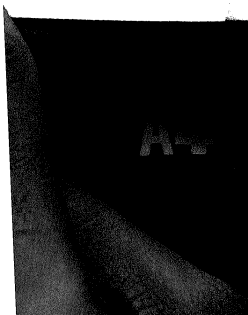
The second brother, Thomas, wh
ployed in the General Post-Office,
all material points the example o
married 'not very creditably,' and sp
money he could lay his hands on.
without issue; as did the fourth bro
who was of weak intellect and feeble

the fifth brother, William, whose brief career as one of Mrs. Buckner's satellites will fall to be considered later on. So soon, then, as the *Minotaur* had struck upon the Dogger Bank, Stowting and the line of the Jenkin family fell on the shoulders of the third brother, Charles.

Facility and self-indulgence are the family marks; facility (to judge by these imprudent marriages) being at once their quality and their defect; but in the case of Charles, a man of exceptional beauty and sweetness both of face and disposition, the family fault had quite grown to be a virtue, and we find him in consequence the drudge and milk-cow of his relatives. Born in 1766, Charles served at sea in his youth, and smelt both salt water and powder. The Jenkins had inclined hitherto, as far as I can make out, to the land service. Stephen's son had been a soldier; William (fourth of Stowting) had been an officer of the unhappy Braddock's in America, where, by the way, he owned and afterwards sold an estate on the James River, called after the parental seat; of which I should like well to hear if it still bears the name. It was probably by the influence of Captain Buckner, already con-

nected with the family by his first marriage, that Charles Jenkin turned his mind in the direction of the navy; and it was in Buckner's own ship, the *Prothée*, 64, that the lad made his only campaign. It was in the days of Rodney's war, when the *Prothée*, we read, captured two large privateers to windward of Barbadoes, and was 'materially and distinguishedly engaged' in both the actions with De Grasse. While at sea Charles kept a journal, and made strange archaic pilot-book sketches, part plan, part elevation, some of which survive for the amusement of posterity. He did a good deal of surveying, so that here we may perhaps lay our finger on the beginning of Fleeming's education as an engineer. What is still more strange, among the relics of the handsome midshipman and his stay in the gun-room of the *Prothée*, I find a code of signals graphically represented, for all the world as it would have been done by his grandson.

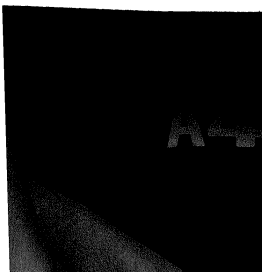
On the declaration of peace, Charles, because he had suffered from scurvy, received his mother's orders to retire; and he was not the man to refuse a request, far less to disobey a command Thereupon he turned farmer, a trade he was to



practice on a large scale; and we find him married to a Miss Schirr, a woman of some fortune, the daughter of a London merchant. Stephen, the not very reverend, was still alive, galloping about the country or skulking in his chancel. It does not appear whether he let or sold the paternal manor to Charles; one or other, it must have been; and the sailor-farmer settled at Stowting, with his wife, his mother, his unmarried sister, and his sick brother John. Out of the six people of whom his nearest family consisted, three were in his own house, and two others (the horse-leeches, Stephen and Thomas) he appears to have continued to assist with more amiability than wisdom. He hunted, belonged to the Yeomanry, owned famous horses, Maggie and Lucy, the latter coveted by royalty itself. 'Lord Rokeby, his neighbour, called him kinsman,' writes my artless chronicler, 'and altogether life was very cheery.' At Stowting his three sons, John, Charles, and Thomas Frewen, and his younger daughter, Anna, were all born to him; and the reader should here be told that it is through the report of this second Charles (born 1801) that he

has been looking on at these confused passages of family history.

In the year 1805 the ruin of the Jenkins was begun. It was the work of a fallacious lady already mentioned, Aunt Anne Frewen, a sister of Mrs. John. Twice married, first to her cousin Charles Frewen, clerk to the Court of Chancery, Brunswick Herald, and Usher of the Black Rod, and secondly to Admiral Buckner, she was denied issue in both beds, and being very rich—she died worth about 60,000*l.*, mostly in land—she was in perpetual quest of an heir. The mirage of this fortune hung before successive members of the Jenkin family until her death in 1825, when it dissolved and left the latest Alnaschar face to face with bankruptcy. The grandniece, Stephen's daughter, the one who had not 'married imprudently,' appears to have been the first; for she was taken abroad by the golden aunt, and died in her care at Ghent in 1792. Next she adopted William, the youngest of the five nephews; took him abroad with her—it seems as if that were in the formula; was shut up with him in Paris by the Revolution; brought him back to Windsor, and got him a



place in the King's Body-Guard, where he attracted the notice of George III. by his proficiency in German. In 1797, being on guard at St. James's Palace, William took a cold which carried him off; and Aunt Anne was once more left heirless. Lastly, in 1805, perhaps moved by the Admiral, who had a kindness for his old midshipman, perhaps pleased by the good looks and the good nature of the man himself, Mrs. Buckner turned her eyes upon Charles Jenkin. He was not only to be the heir, however, he was to be the chief hand in a somewhat wild scheme of family farming. Mrs. Jenkin, the mother, contributed 164 acres of land; Mrs. Buckner, 570, some at Northiam, some farther off; Charles let one half of Stowting to a tenant, and threw the other and various scattered parcels into the common enterprise; so that the whole farm amounted to near upon a thousand acres, and was scattered over thirty miles of country. The ex-seaman of thirty-nine, on whose wisdom and ubiquity the scheme depended, was to live in the meanwhile without care or fear. He was to check himself in nothing; his two extravagances, valuable horses and worthless brothers,

were to be indulged in comfort; and whether the year quite paid itself or not, whether successive years left accumulated savings or only a growing deficit, the fortune of the golden aunt should in the end repair all.

On this understanding Charles Jenkin transported his family to Church House, Northiam: Charles the second, then a child of three, among the number. Through the eyes of the boy we have glimpses of the life that followed: of Admiral and Mrs. Buckner driving up from Windsor in a coach and six, two post-horses and their own four; of the house full of visitors, the great roasts at the fire, the tables in the servants' hall laid for thirty or forty for a month together; of the daily press of neighbours, many of whom, Frewens, Lords, Bishops, Batchellors, and Dynes, were also kinsfolk; and the parties 'under the great spreading chestnuts of the old fore court,' where the young people danced and made merry to the music of the village band. Or perhaps, in the depth of winter, the father would bid young Charles saddle his pony; they would ride the thirty miles from Northiam to Stowting, with the snow to the pony's saddle

girths, and be received by the tenants like princes.

This life of delights, with the continual visible comings and goings of the golden aunt, was well qualified to relax the fibre of the lads. John, the heir, a yeoman and a fox-hunter, 'loud and notorious with his whip and spurs,' settled down into a kind of Tony Lumpkin, waiting for the shoes of his father and his aunt. Thomas Frewen, the youngest, is briefly dismissed as 'a handsome beau'; but he had the merit or the good fortune to become a doctor of medicine, so that when the crash came he was not empty-handed for the war of life. Charles, at the day-school of Northiam, grew so well acquainted with the rod, that his floggings became matter of pleasantry and reached the ears of Admiral Buckner. Hereupon that tall, rough-voiced, formidable uncle entered with the lad into a covenant: every time that Charles was thrashed he was to pay the Admiral a penny; every day that he escaped, the process was to be reversed. 'I recollect,' writes Charles, 'going crying to my mother to be taken to the Admiral to pay my debt.' It would seem by these terms the spec-

ulation was a losing one; yet it is probable it paid indirectly by bringing the boy under remark. The Admiral was no enemy to dunces; he loved courage, and Charles, while yet little more than a baby, would ride the great horse into the pond. Presently it was decided that here was the stuff of a fine sailor; and at an early period the name of Charles Jenkin was entered on a ship's books.

From Northiam he was sent to another school at Boonshill, near Rye, where the master took 'infinite delight' in strapping him. 'It keeps me warm and makes you grow,' he used to say. And the stripes were not altogether wasted, for the dunce, though still very 'raw,' made progress with his studies. It was known, moreover, that he was going to sea, always a ground of pre-eminence with schoolboys; and in his case the glory was not altogether future, it wore a present form when he came driving to Rye behind four horses in the same carriage with an Admiral. 'I was not a little proud, you may believe,' says he.

In 1814, when he was thirteen years of age, he was carried by his father to Chichester to the

Bishop's Palace. The Bishop had heard from his brother the Admiral that Charles was likely to do well, and had an order from Lord Melville for the lad's admission to the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth. Both the Bishop and the Admiral patted him on the head and said, 'Charles will restore the old family'; by which I gather with some surprise that, even in these days of open house at Northiam and golden hope of my aunt's fortune, the family was supposed to stand in need of restoration. But the past is apt to look brighter than nature, above all to those enamoured of their genealogy; and the ravages of Stephen and Thomas must have always given matter of alarm.

What with the flattery of bishops and admirals, the fine company in which he found himself at Portsmouth, his visits home, with their gaiety and greatness of life, his visits to Mrs. Buckner (soon a widow) at Windsor, where he had a pony kept for him, and visited at Lord Melville's and Lord Harcourt's and the Leveson-Gowers, he began to have 'bumptious notions,' and his head was 'somewhat turned with fine people; as to some ex-

tent it remained throughout his innocent and honourable life.

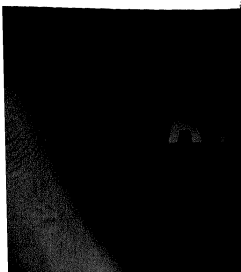
In this frame of mind the boy was appointed to the *Conqueror*, Captain Davie, humorously known as Gentle Johnnie. The captain had earned this name by his style of discipline, which would have figured well in the pages of Marryat: 'Put the prisoner's head in a bag and give him another dozen!' survives as a specimen of his commands; and the men were often punished twice or thrice in a week. On board the ship of this disciplinarian, Charles and his father were carried in a billy-boat from Sheerness in December, 1816: Charles with an outfit suitable to his pretensions, a twenty-guinea sextant and 120 dollars in silver, which were ordered into the care of the gunner. 'The old clerks and mates,' he writes, 'used to laugh and jeer me for joining the ship in a billy-boat, and when they found I was from Kent, vowed I was an old Kentish smuggler. This to my pride, you will believe, was not a little offensive.'

The *Conqueror* carried the flag of Vice-Admiral Plampin, commanding at the Cape and St. Helena; and at that all-important islet, in

July, 1817, she relieved the flagship of Sir Pulteney Malcolm. Thus it befel that Charles Jenkin, coming too late for the epic of the French wars, played a small part in the dreary and disgraceful afterpiece of St. Helena. Life on the guard-ship was onerous and irksome. The anchor was never lifted, sail never made, the great guns were silent; none was allowed on shore except on duty; all day the movements of the imperial captive were signalled to and fro; all night the boats rowed guard around the accessible portions of the coast. This prolonged stagnation and petty watchfulness in what Napoleon himself called that 'unchristian' climate, told cruelly on the health of the ship's company. In eighteen months, according to O'Meara, the *Conqueror* had lost one hundred and ten men and invalided home one hundred and seven, 'being more than a third of her complement. It does not seem that our young midshipman so much as once set eyes on Bonaparte; and yet in other ways Jenkin was more fortunate than some of his comrades. He drew in water-colour; not so badly as his father, yet ill enough; and this art was so rare aboard the *Conqueror* that

even his humble proficiency marked him out and procured him some alleviations. Admiral Plampin had succeeded Napoleon at the Briars; and here he had young Jenkin staying with him to make sketches of the historic house. One of these is before me as I write, and gives a strange notion of the arts in our old English Navy. Yet it was again as an artist that the lad was taken for a run to Rio, and apparently for a second outing in a ten-gun brig. These, and a cruise of six weeks to windward of the island undertaken by the *Conqueror* herself in quest of health, were the only breaks in three years of murderous inaction; and at the end of that period Jenkin was invalided home, having 'lost his health entirely.'

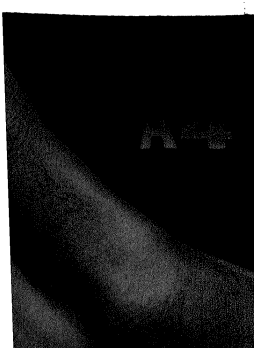
As he left the deck of the guard-ship the historic part of his career came to an end. For forty-two years he continued to serve his country obscurely on the seas, sometimes thanked for inconspicuous and honourable services, but denied any opportunity of serious distinction. He was first two years in the *Larne*, Captain Tait, hunting pirates and keeping a watch on the Turkish and Greek squadrons in the Archipelago



Captain Tait was a favourite with Sir Thomas Maitland, High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands—King Tom as he was called—who frequently took passage in the *Larne*. King Tom knew every inch of the Mediterranean, and was a terror to the officers of the watch. He would come on deck at night; and with his broad Scotch accent, 'Well, sir,' he would say, 'what depth of water have ye? Well now, sound; and ye'll just find so or so many fathoms,' as the case might be; and the obnoxious passenger was generally right. On one occasion, as the ship was going into Corfu, Sir Thomas came up the hatchway and cast his eyes towards the gallows. 'Bangham'—Charles Jenkin heard him say to his aide-de-camp, Lord Bangham—'where the devil is that other chap? I left four fellows hanging there; now I can only see three. Mind there is another there to-morrow.' And sure enough there was another Greek dangling the next day. 'Captain Hamilton, of the *Cambrian*, kept the Greeks in order afloat,' writes my author, 'and King Tom ashore.'

From 1823 onward, the chief scene of Charles Jenkin's activities was in the West Indies, where

Islands, cruising after slavers, or carrying dollars and provisions for the Government. While yet a midshipman, he accompanied Mr. Cockburn to Caraccas and had a sight of Bolivar. In the brigantine *Griffon*, which he commanded in his last years in the West Indies, he carried aid to Guadeloupe after the earthquake, and twice earned the thanks of Government: once for an expedition to Nicaragua to extort, under threat of a blockade, proper apologies and a sum of money due to certain British merchants; and once during an insurrection in San Domingo, for the rescue of certain others from a perilous imprisonment and the recovery of a 'chest of money' of which they had been robbed. Once, on the other hand, he earned his share of public censure. This was in 1837, when he commanded the *Romney* lying in the inner harbour of Havannah. The *Romney* was in no proper sense a man-of-war; she was a slave-hulk, the bonded warehouse of the Mixed Slave Commission; where negroes, captured out of slavers under



Spanish colours, were detained provisionally, till the Commission should decide upon their case and either set them free or bind them to apprenticeship. To this ship, already an eyesore to the authorities, a Cuban slave made his escape. The position was invidious; on one side were the tradition of the British flag and the state of public sentiment at home; on the other, the certainty that if the slave were kept, the *Romney* would be ordered at once out of the harbour, and the object of the Mixed Commission compromised. Without consultation with any other officer, Captain Jenkin (then lieutenant) returned the man to shore and took the Captain-General's receipt. Lord Palmerston approved his course; but the zealots of the anti-slave trade movement (never to be named without respect) were much dissatisfied; and thirty-nine years later, the matter was again canvassed in Parliament, and Lord Palmerston and Captain Jenkin defended by Admiral Erskine in a letter to the *Times* (March 13, 1876).

In 1845, while still lieutenant, Charles Jenkin acted as Admiral Pigot's flag captain in the Cove of Cork, where there were some thirty

pennants; and about the same time, closed his career by an act of personal bravery. He had proceeded with his boats to the help of a merchant vessel, whose cargo of combustibles had taken fire and was smouldering under hatches; his sailors were in the hold, where the fumes were already heavy, and Jenkin was on deck directing operations, when he found his orders were no longer answered from below: he jumped down without hesitation and slung up several insensible men with his own hand. For this act, he received a letter from the Lords of the Admiralty expressing a sense of his gallantry; and pretty soon after was promoted Commander, superseded, and could never again obtain employment.

In 1828 or 1829, Charles Jenkin was in the same watch with another midshipman, Robert Colin Campbell Jackson, who introduced him to his family in Jamaica. The father, the Honourable Robert Jackson, Custos Rotulorum of Kingston, came of a Yorkshire family, said to be originally Scotch; and on the mother's side, counted kinship with some of the Forbeses. The mother was Susan Campbell, one of the

Campbells of Auchenbreck. Her father Colin, a merchant in Greenock, is said to have been the heir to both the estate and the baronetcy; he claimed neither, which casts a doubt upon the fact; but he had pride enough himself, and taught enough pride to his family, for any station or descent in Christendom. He had four daughters. One married an Edinburgh writer, as I have it on a first account—a minister, according to another—a man at least of reasonable station, but not good enough for the Campbells of Auchenbreck; and the erring one was instantly discarded. Another married an actor of the name of Adcock, whom (as I receive the tale) she had seen acting in a barn; but the phrase should perhaps be regarded rather as a measure of the family annoyance, than a mirror of the facts. The marriage was not in itself unhappy; Adcock was a gentleman by birth and made a good husband; the family reasonably prospered, and one of the daughters married no less a man than Clarkson Stanfield. But by the father, and the two remaining Miss Campbells, people of fierce passions and a truly Highland pride, the derogation was bitterly re-

sented. For long the sisters lived estranged then, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Adcock were reconciled for a moment, only to quarrel the more fiercely; the name of Mrs. Adcock was proscribed, nor did it again pass her sister's lips, until the morning when she announced: 'Mary Adcock is dead; I saw her in her shroud last night.' Second sight was hereditary in the house; and sure enough, as I have it reported, on that very night Mrs. Adcock had passed away. Thus, of the four daughters, two had, according to the idiotic notions of their friends, disgraced themselves in marriage; the others supported the honour of the family with a better grace, and married West Indian magnates of whom, I believe, the world has never heard and would not care to hear: So strange a thing is this hereditary pride. Of Mr. Jackson, beyond the fact that he was Fleeming's grandfather, I know naught. His wife, as I have said, was a woman of fierce passions; she would tie her house slaves to the bed and lash them with her own hand; and her conduct to her wild and down-going sons, was a mixture of almost insane self-sacrifice and wholly insane violence

of temper. She had three sons and one daughter. Two of the sons went utterly to ruin, and reduced their mother to poverty. The third went to India, a slim, delicate lad, and passed so wholly from the knowledge of his relatives that he was thought to be long dead. Years later, when his sister was living in Genoa, a red-bearded man of great strength and stature, tanned by years in India, and his hands covered with barbaric gems, entered the room unannounced, as she was playing the piano, lifted her from her seat, and kissed her. It was her brother, suddenly returned out of a past that was never very clearly understood, with the rank of general, many strange gems, many cloudy stories of adventure, and next his heart, the daguerreotype of an Indian prince with whom he had mixed blood.

The last of this wild family, the daughter, Henrietta Camilla, became the wife of the midshipman Charles, and the mother of the subject of this notice, Fleeming Jenkin. She was a woman of parts and courage. Not beautiful, she had a far higher gift, the art of seeming so; played the part of a belle in society, while far

lovelier women were left unattended; and up to old age, had much of both the exigency and the charm that mark that character. She drew naturally, for she had no training, with unusual skill; and it was from her, and not from the two naval artists, that Fleeming inherited his eye and hand. She played on the harp and sang with something beyond the talent of an amateur. At the age of seventeen, she heard Pasta in Paris; flew up in a fire of youthful enthusiasm; and the next morning, all alone and without introduction, found her way into the presence of the *prima donna* and begged for lessons. Pasta made her sing, kissed her when she had done, and though she refused to be her mistress, placed her in the hands of a friend. Nor was this all; for when Pasta returned to Paris, she sent for the girl (once at least) to test her progress. But Mrs. Jenkin's talents were not so remarkable as her fortitude and strength of will; and it was in an art for which she had no natural taste (the art of literature) that she appeared before the public. Her novels, though they attained and merited a certain popularity both in France and England, are a measure only

of her courage. They were a task, not a beloved task; they were written for money in days of poverty, and they served their end. In the least thing as well as in the greatest, in every province of life as well as in her novels, she displayed the same capacity of taking infinite pains, which descended to her son. When she was about forty (as near as her age was known) she lost her voice; set herself at once to learn the piano, working eight hours a day; and attained to such proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals. And more than twenty years later, the old lady might have been seen dauntlessly beginning the study of Hebrew. This is the more ethereal part of courage; nor was she wanting in the more material. Once when a neighbouring groom, a married man, had seduced her maid, Mrs. Jenkin mounted her horse, rode over to the stable entrance and horsewhipped the man with her own hand.

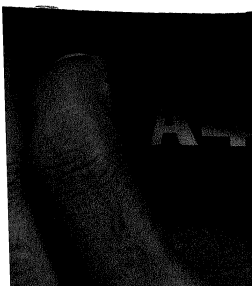
How a match came about between this talented and spirited girl and the young midshipman, is not very easy to conceive. Charles Jenkin was one of the finest creatures breathing; loy-

alty, devotion, simple natural piety, boyish cheerfulness, tender and manly sentiment in the old sailor fashion, were in him inherent and inextinguishable either by age, suffering, or injustice. He looked, as he was, every inch a gentleman; he must have been everywhere notable, even among handsome men, both for his face and his gallant bearing; not so much that of a sailor, you would have said, as like one of those gentle and graceful soldiers that, to this day, are the most pleasant of Englishmen to see. But though he was in these ways noble, the dunce scholar of Northiam was to the end no genius. Upon all points that a man must understand to be a gentleman, to be upright, gallant, affectionate and dead to self, Captain Jenkin was more knowing than one among a thousand; outside of that, his mind was very largely blank. He had indeed a simplicity that came near to vacancy; and in the first forty years of his married life, this want grew more accentuated. In both families imprudent marriages had been the rule; but neither Jenkin nor Campbell had ever entered into a more unequal union. It was the captain's good looks,

we may suppose, that gained for him this elevation; and in some ways and for many years of his life, he had to pay the penalty. His wife, impatient of his incapacity and surrounded by brilliant friends, used him with a certain contempt. She was the managing partner; the life was hers, not his; after his retirement they lived much abroad, where the poor captain, who could never learn any language but his own, sat in the corner mumchance; and even his son, carried away by his bright mother, did not recognise for long the treasures of simple chivalry that lay buried in the heart of his father. Yet it would be an error to regard this marriage as unfortunate. It not only lasted long enough to justify itself in a beautiful and touching epilogue, but it gave to the world the scientific work and what (while time was) were of far greater value, the delightful qualities of Fleeming Jenkin. The Kentish-Welsh family, facile, extravagant, generous to a fault and far from brilliant, had given the father, an extreme example of its humble virtues. On the other side, the wild, cruel, proud, and somewhat blackguard stock of the Scotch Campbell-Jacksons, had put

forth, in the person of the mother, all its force and courage.

The marriage fell in evil days. In 1823, the bubble of the Golden Aunt's inheritance had burst. She died holding the hand of the nephew she had so wantonly deceived; at the last she drew him down and seemed to bless him, surely with some remorseful feeling; for when the will was opened, there was not found so much as the mention of his name. He was deeply in debt; in debt even to the estate of his deceiver, so that he had to sell a piece of land to clear himself. 'My dear boy,' he said to Charles, 'there will be nothing left for you. I am a ruined man.' And here follows for me the strangest part of this story. From the death of the treacherous aunt, Charles Jenkin, senior, had still some nine years to live; it was perhaps too late for him to turn to saving, and perhaps his affairs were past restoration. But his family at least had all this while to prepare; they were still young men, and knew what they had to look for at their father's death; and yet when that happened in September, 1831, the heir was still apathetically waiting. Poor John, the days



of his whips and spurs, and Yeomanry dinners, were quite over; and with that incredible softness of the Jenkin nature, he settled down for the rest of a long life, into something not far removed above a peasant. The mill farm at Stowting had been saved out of the wreck; and here he built himself a house on the Mexican model, and made the two ends meet with rustic thrift, gathering dung with his own hands upon the road and not at all abashed at his employment. In dress, voice, and manner, he fell into mere country plainness; lived without the least care for appearances, the least regret for the past or discontentment with the present; and when he came to die, died with Stoic cheerfulness, announcing that he had had a comfortable time and was yet well pleased to go. One would think there was little active virtue to be inherited from such a race; and yet in this same voluntary peasant, the special gift of Fleeming Jenkin was already half developed. The old man to the end was perpetually inventing; his strange, ill-spelled, unpunctuated correspondence is full (when he does not drop into cookery receipts) of pumps, road engines, steam-

diggers, steam-ploughs, and steam-threshing machines; and I have it on Fleeming's word that what he did was full of ingenuity—only, as if by some cross destiny, useless. These disappointments he not only took with imperturbable good humour, but rejoiced with a particular relish over his nephew's success in the same field. 'I glory in the professor,' he wrote to his brother; and to Fleeming himself, with a touch of simple drollery, 'I was much pleased with your lecture, but why did you hit me so hard with Conisure's' (connoisseur's, *quasi* amateur's) 'engineering? Oh, what presumption!—either of you or *my*self!' A quaint, pathetic figure, this of uncle John, with his dung cart and his inventions; and the romantic fancy of his Mexican house; and his craze about the Lost Tribes, which seemed to the worthy man the key of all perplexities; and his quiet conscience, looking back on a life not altogether vain, for he was a good son to his father while his father lived, and when evil days approached, he had proved himself a cheerful Stoic.

It followed from John's inertia, that the duty of winding up the estate fell into the hands of

Charles. He managed it with no more skill than might be expected of a sailor ashore, saved a bare livelihood for John and nothing for the rest. Eight months later, he married Miss Jackson; and with her money, bought in some two-thirds of Stowting. In the beginning of the little family history which I have been following to so great an extent, the Captain mentions, with a delightful pride: 'A Court Baron and Court Leet are regularly held by the Lady of the Manor, Mrs. Henrietta Camilla Jenkin'; and indeed the pleasure of so describing his wife, was the most solid benefit of the investment; for the purchase was heavily encumbered and paid them nothing till some years before their death. In the meanwhile, the Jackson family also, what with wild sons, an indulgent mother and the impending emancipation of the slaves, was moving nearer and nearer to beggary; and thus of two doomed and declining houses, the subject of this memoir was born, heir to an estate and to no money, yet with inherited qualities that were to make him known and loved.

CHAPTER II.

1833—1851.

Birth and Childhood—Edinburgh—Frankfort-on-the-Main—Paris—The Revolution of 1848—The Insurrection—Flight to Italy—Sympathy with Italy—The Insurrection in Genoa—A Student in Genoa—The Lad and his Mother.

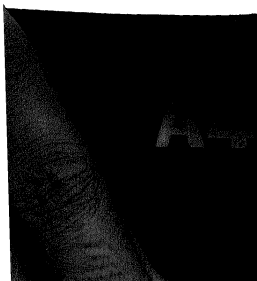
HENRY CHARLES FLEEMING JENKIN (Fleeming, pronounced Flemming, to his friends and family) was born in a Government building on the coast of Kent, near Dungeness, where his father was serving at the time in the Coastguard, on March 25, 1833, and named after Admiral Fleeming, one of his father's protectors in the navy.

His childhood was vagrant like his life. Once he was left in the care of his grandmother Jackson, while Mrs. Jenkin sailed in her husband's ship and stayed a year at the Havannah. The tragic woman was besides from time to time a member of the family she was in distress of mind and reduced in fortune by the misconduct of her sons; her

destitution and solitude made it a recurring duty to receive her, her violence continually enforced fresh separations. In her passion of a disappointed mother, she was a fit object of pity; but her grandson, who heard her load his own mother with cruel insults and reproaches, conceived for her an indignant and impatient hatred, for which he blamed himself in later life. It is strange from this point of view to see his childish letters to Mrs. Jackson; and to think that a man, distinguished above all by stubborn truthfulness, should have been brought up to such dissimulation. But this is of course unavoidable in life; it did no harm to Jenkin; and whether he got harm or benefit from a so early acquaintance with violent and hateful scenes, is more than I can guess. The experience, at least, was formative; and in judging his character it should not be forgotten. But Mrs. Jackson was not the only stranger in their gates; the Captain's sister, Aunt Anna Jenkin, lived with them until her death; she had all the Jenkin beauty of countenance, though she was unhappily deformed in body and of frail health; and she even excelled her gentle and ineffectual

family in all amiable qualities. So that each of the two races from which Fleeming sprang, had an outpost by his very cradle; the one he instinctively loved, the other hated; and the life-long war in his members had begun thus early by a victory for what was best.

We can trace the family from one country place to another in the south of Scotland; where the child learned his taste for sport by riding home the pony from the moors. Before he was nine he could write such a passage as this about a Hallowe'en observance: 'I pulled a middling-sized cabbage-runt with a pretty sum of gold about it. No witches would run after me when I was sowing my hempseed this year; my nuts blazed away together very comfortably to the end of their lives, and when mamma put hers in which were meant for herself and papa they blazed away in the like manner.' Before he was ten he could write, with a really irritating precocity, that he had been 'making some pictures from a book called "Les Français peints par euxmêmes." . . . It is full of pictures of all classes, with a description of each in French. The pictures are a little caricatured, but not



much.' Doubtless this was only an echo from his mother, but it shows the atmosphere in which he breathed. It must have been a good change for this art critic to be the playmate of Mary Macdonald, their gardener's daughter at Barjarg, and to sup with her family on potatoes and milk; and Fleeming himself attached some value to this early and friendly experience of another class.

His education, in the formal sense, began at Jedburgh. Thence he went to the Edinburgh Academy, where he was the classmate of Tait and Clerk Maxwell, bore away many prizes, and was once unjustly flogged by Rector Williams. He used to insist that all his bad schoolfellows had died early, a belief amusingly characteristic of the man's consistent optimism. In 1846 the mother and son proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where they were soon joined by the father, now reduced to inaction and to play something like third fiddle in his narrow household. The emancipation of the slaves had deprived them of their last resource beyond the half-pay of a captain; and life abroad was not only desirable for the sake of Fleeming's education, it was al-

most enforced by reasons of economy. But it was, no doubt, somewhat hard upon the captain. Certainly that perennial boy found a companion in his son; they were both active and eager, both willing to be amused, both young, if not in years, then in character. They went out together on excursions and sketched old castles, sitting side by side; they had an angry rivalry in walking, doubtless equally sincere upon both sides; and indeed we may say that Fleeming was exceptionally favoured, and that no boy had ever a companion more innocent, engaging, gay, and airy. But although in this case it would be easy to exaggerate its import, yet, in the Jenkin family also, the tragedy of the generations was proceeding, and the child was growing out of his father's knowledge. His artistic aptitude was of a different order. Already he had his quick sight of many sides of life; he already overflowed with distinctions and generalisations, contrasting the dramatic art and national character of England, Germany, Italy, and France. If he were dull, he would write stories and poems. 'I have written,' he says at thirteen, 'a very long story in heroic measure, 300 lines, and another

Scotch story and innumerable bits of poetry'; and at the same age he had not only a keen feeling for scenery, but could do something with his pen to call it up. I feel I do always less than justice to the delightful memory of Captain Jenkin; but with a lad of this character, cutting the teeth of his intelligence, he was sure to fall into the background.

The family removed in 1847 to Paris, where Fleeming was put to school under one Deluc. There he learned French, and (if the captain is right) first began to show a taste for mathematics. But a far more important teacher than Deluc was at hand; the year 1848, so momentous for Europe, was momentous also for Fleeming's character. The family politics were Liberal; Mrs. Jenkin, generous before all things, was sure to be upon the side of exiles; and in the house of a Paris friend of hers, Mrs. Turner—already known to fame as Shelley's Cornelia de Boinville—Fleeming saw and heard such men as Manin, Gioberti, and the Ruffinis. He was thus prepared to sympathise with revolution; and when the hour came, and he found himself in the midst of stirring and influential events, the

lad's whole character was moved. He corresponded at that time with a young Edinburgh friend, one Frank Scott; and I am here going to draw somewhat largely on this boyish correspondence. It gives us at once a picture of the Revolution and a portrait of Jenkin at fifteen; not so different (his friends will think) from the Jenkin of the end—boyish, simple, opinionated, delighting in action, delighting before all things in any generous sentiment.

'February 23, 1848.

'When at 7 o'clock to-day I went out, I met a large band going round the streets, calling on the inhabitants to illuminate their houses, and bearing torches. This was all very good fun, and everybody was delighted; but as they stopped rather long and were rather turbulent in the Place de la Madeleine, near where we live' [in the Rue Caumartin] 'a squadron of dragoons came up, formed, and charged at a hand-gallop. This was a very pretty sight; the crowd was not too thick, so they easily got away; and the dragoons only gave blows with the back of the sword, which hurt but did not wound. I was as close to them as I am now to the other side

of the table; it was rather impressive, however. At the second charge they rode on the pavement and knocked the torches out of the fellows' hands; rather a shame, too—wouldn't be stood in England. . . .

[At] 'ten minutes to ten . . . I went a long way along the Boulevards, passing by the office of Foreign Affairs, where Guizot lives, and where to-night there were about a thousand troops protecting him from the fury of the populace. After this was passed, the number of the people thickened, till about half a mile further on, I met a troop of vagabonds, the wildest vagabonds in the world—Paris vagabonds, well armed, having probably broken into gunsmiths' shops and taken the guns and swords. They were about a hundred. These were followed by about a thousand (I am rather diminishing than exaggerating numbers all through), indifferently armed with rusty sabres, sticks, etc. An uncountable troop of gentlemen, workmen, shopkeepers' wives (Paris women dare anything), ladies' maids, common women—in fact, a crowd of all classes, though by far the greater number were of the better dressed class—followed. Indeed, it was a

splendid sight: the mob in front chanting the "*Marseillaise*," the national war hymn, grave and powerful, sweetened by the night air—though night in these splendid streets was turned into day, every window was filled with lamps, dim torches were tossing in the crowd . . . for Guizot has late this night given in his resignation, and this was an improvised illumination.

'I and my father had turned with the crowd, and were close behind the second troop of vagabonds. Joy was on every face. I remarked to papa that "I would not have missed the scene for anything, I might never see such a splendid one," when *plong* went one shot—every face went pale—*r-r-r-r-r* went the whole detachment, [and] the whole crowd of gentlemen and ladies turned and cut. Such a scene!—ladies, gentlemen, and vagabonds went sprawling in the mud, not shot but tripped up; and those that went down could not rise, they were trampled over. . . . I ran a short time straight on and did not fall, then turned down a side street, ran fifty yards and felt tolerably safe; looked for papa, did not see him; so walked on quickly, giving the news as I went.' [It appears, from another

letter, the boy was the first to carry word of the firing to the Rue St. Honoré; and that his news wherever he brought it was received with hurrahs. It was an odd entrance upon life for a little English lad, thus to play the part of rumour in such a crisis of the history of France.]

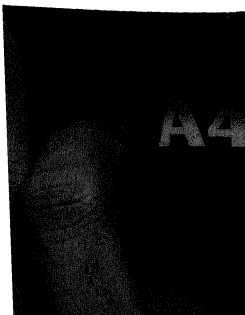
'But now a new fear came over me. I had little doubt but my papa was safe, but my fear was that he should arrive at home before me and tell the story; in that case I knew my mamma would go half mad with fright, so on I went as quick as possible. I heard no more discharges. When I got half way home, I found my way blocked up by troops. That way or the Boulevards I must pass. In the Boulevards they were fighting, and I was afraid all other passages might be blocked up . . . and I should have to sleep in a hotel in that case, and then my mamma —however, after a long *détour*, I found a passage and ran home, and in our street joined papa.

'. . . I'll tell you to-morrow the other facts gathered from newspapers and papa. . . . To-night I have given you what I have seen with my own eyes an hour ago, and began trembling

with excitement and fear. If I have been too long on this one subject, it is because it is yet before my eyes.

'Monday, 24.

'It was that fire raised the people. There was fighting all through the night in the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, on the Boulevards where they had been shot at, and at the Porte St. Denis. At ten o'clock, they resigned the house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs (where the disastrous volley was fired) to the people, who immediately took possession of it. I went to school, but [was] hardly there when the row in that quarter commenced. Barricades began to be fixed. Everyone was very grave now; the *externes* went away, but no one came to fetch me, so I had to stay. No lessons could go on. A troop of armed men took possession of the barricades, so it was supposed I should have to sleep there. The revolters came and asked for arms, but Deluc (head-master) is a National Guard, and he said he had only his own and he wanted them; but he said he would not fire on them. Then they asked for wine, which he gave them.



They took good care not to get drunk, knowing they would not be able to fight. They were very polite and behaved extremely well.

'About 12 o'clock a servant came for a boy who lived near me, [and] Deluc thought it best to send me with him. We heard a good deal of firing near, but did not come across any of the parties. As we approached the railway, the barricades were no longer formed of palings, planks, or stones; but they had got all the omnibuses as they passed, sent the horses and passengers about their business, and turned them over. A double row of overturned coaches made a capital barricade, with a few paving stones.

'When I got home I found to my astonishment that in our fighting quarter it was much quieter. Mamma had just been out seeing the troops in the Place de la Concorde, when suddenly the Municipal Guard, now fairly exasperated, prevented the National Guard from proceeding, and fired at them; the National Guard had come with their muskets not loaded, but at length returned the fire. Mamma saw the National Guard fire. The Municipal Guard were

round the corner. She was delighted for she saw no person killed, though many of the Municipals were. . . . .

'I immediately went out with my papa (mamma had just come back with him) and went to the Place de la Concorde. There was an enormous quantity of troops in the Place. Suddenly the gates of the gardens of the Tuileries opened: we rushed forward, out gallopped an enormous number of cuirassiers, in the middle of which were a couple of low carriages, said first to contain the Count de Paris and the Duchess of Orleans, but afterwards they said it was the King and Queen; and then I heard he had abdicated. I returned and gave the news.

'Went out again up the Boulevards. The house of the Minister of Foreign Affairs was filled with people and "*Hôtel du Peuple*" written on it; the Boulevards were barricaded with fine old trees that were cut down and stretched all across the road. We went through a great many little streets, all strongly barricaded, and sentinels of the people at the principal of them. The streets were very unquiet, filled with armed men and women, for the troops had followed

the ex-King to Neuilly and left Paris in the power of the people. We met the captain of the Third Legion of the National Guard (who had principally protected the people), badly wounded by a Municipal Guard, stretched on a litter. He was in possession of his senses. He was surrounded by a troop of men crying "Our brave captain—we have him yet—he's not dead! *Vive la Réforme!*" This cry was responded to by all, and every one saluted him as he passed. I do not know if he was mortally wounded. That Third Legion has behaved splendidly.

'I then returned, and shortly afterwards went out again to the garden of the Tuileries. They were given up to the people and the palace was being sacked. The people were firing blank cartridges to testify their joy, and they had a cannon on the top of the palace. It was a sight to see a palace sacked and armed vagabonds firing out of the windows, and throwing shirts, papers, and dresses of all kinds out of the windows. They are not rogues, these French; they are not stealing, burning, or doing much harm. In the Tuileries they have dressed up some of the

statues, broken some, and stolen nothing but queer dresses. I say, Frank, you must not hate the French; hate the Germans if you like. The French laugh at us a little, and call out *Goddam* in the streets; but to-day, in civil war, when they might have put a bullet through our heads, I never was insulted once.

'At present we have a provisional Government, consisting of Odion [*sic*] Barrot, Lamartine, Marast, and some others; among them a common workman, but very intelligent. This is a triumph of liberty—rather!

'Now then, Frank, what do you think of it? I in a revolution and out all day. Just think, what fun! So it was at first, till I was fired at yesterday; but to-day I was not frightened, but it turned me sick at heart, I don't know why. There has been no great bloodshed, [though] I certainly have seen men's blood several times. But there's something shocking to see a whole armed populace, though not furious, for not one single shop has been broken open, except the gunsmiths' shops, and most of the arms will probably be taken back again. For the French have no cupidity in their nature; they don't like

to steal—it is not in their nature. I shall send this letter in a day or two, when I am sure the post will go again. I know I have been a long time writing, but I hope you will find the matter of this letter interesting, as coming from a person resident on the spot; though probably you don't take much interest in the French, but I can think, write, and speak on no other subject.

'Feb. 25.

'There is no more fighting, the people have conquered; but the barricades are still kept up, and the people are in arms, more than ever fearing some new act of treachery on the part of the ex-King. The fight where I was was the principal cause of the Revolution. I was in little danger from the shot, for there was an immense crowd in front of me, though quite within gunshot. [By another letter, a hundred yards from the troops.] I wished I had stopped there.

'The Paris streets are filled with the most extraordinary crowds of men, women and children, ladies and gentlemen. Every person joyful. The bands of armed men are perfectly polite.

Mamma and aunt to-day walked through armed crowds alone, that were firing blank cartridges in all directions. Every person made way with the greatest politeness, and one common man with a blouse, coming by accident against her, immediately stopped to beg her pardon in the politest manner. There are few drunken men. The Tuileries is still being run over by the people they only broke two things, a bust of Louis Philippe and one of Marshal Bugeaud, who fired on the people. . . . .

'I have been out all day again to-day, and precious tired I am. The Republican party seem the strongest, and are going about with red ribbons in their button-holes. . . . .

'The title of "Mister" is abandoned; they say nothing but "Citizen," and the people are shaking hands amazingly. They have got to the top of the public monuments, and, mingling with bronze or stone statues, five or six make a sort of *tableau vivant*, the top man holding up the red flag of the Republic; and right well they do it, and very picturesque they look. I think I shall put this letter in the post to-morrow as we got a letter to-night.

(On Envelope.)

'M. Lamartine has now by his eloquence conquered the whole armed crowd of citizens threatening to kill him if he did not immediately proclaim the Republic and red flag. He said he could not yield to the citizens of Paris alone, that the whole country must be consulted, that he chose the tricolour, for it had followed and accompanied the triumphs of France all over the world, and that the red flag had only been dipped in the blood of the citizens. For sixty hours he has been quieting the people: he is at the head of everything. Don't be prejudiced, Frank, by what you see in the papers. The French have acted nobly, splendidly; there has been no brutality, plundering, or stealing. . . . I did not like the French before; but in this respect they are the finest people in the world. I am so glad to have been here.'

And there one could wish to stop with this apotheosis of liberty and order read with the generous enthusiasm of a boy; but as the reader knows, it was but the first act of the piece. The letters, vivid as they are, written as they were

by a hand trembling with fear and excitement, yet do injustice, in their boyishness of tone, to the profound effect produced. At the sound of these songs and shot of cannon, the boy's mind awoke. He dated his own appreciation of the art of acting from the day when he saw and heard Rachel recite the '*Marseillaise*' at the Français, the tricolour in her arms. What is still more strange, he had been up to then invincibly indifferent to music, insomuch that he could not distinguish 'God save the Queen' from 'Bonnie Dundee'; and now, to the chanting of the mob, he amazed his family by learning and singing '*Mourir pour la Patrie*.' But the letters, though they prepare the mind for no such revolution in the boy's tastes and feelings, are yet full of entertaining traits. Let the reader note Fleeming's eagerness to influence his friend Frank, an incipient Tory (no less) as further history displayed; his unconscious indifference to his father and devotion to his mother, betrayed in so many significant expressions and omissions; the sense of dignity of this diminutive 'person resident on the spot,' who was so happy as to escape insult; and the

strange picture of the household — father, mother, son, and even poor Aunt Anna—all day in the streets in the thick of this rough business, and the boy packed off alone to school in a distant quarter on the very morrow of the massacre.

They had all the gift of enjoying life's texture as it comes; they were all born optimists. The name of liberty was honoured in that family, its spirit also, but within stringent limits; and some of the foreign friends of Mrs. Jenkin were, as I have said, men distinguished on the Liberal side. Like Wordsworth, they beheld

> France standing on the top of golden hours
> And human nature seeming born again.

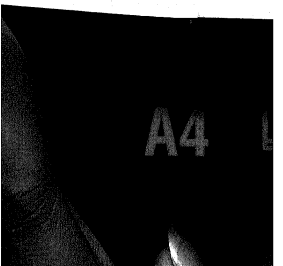
At once, by temper and belief, they were formed to find their element in such a decent and whiggish convulsion, spectacular in its course, moderate in its purpose. For them,

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

And I cannot but smile when I think that

(again like Wordsworth) they should have so specially disliked the consequence.

It came upon them by surprise. Liberal friends of the precise right shade of colour had assured them, in Mrs. Turner's drawing-room, that all was for the best; and they rose on January 23 without fear. About the middle of the day they heard the sound of musketry, and the next morning they were wakened by the cannonade. The French, who had behaved so 'splendidly,' pausing, at the voice of Lamartine, just where judicious Liberals could have desired—the French, who had 'no cupidity in their nature,' were now about to play a variation on the theme rebellion. The Jenkins took refuge in the house of Mrs. Turner, the house of the false prophets, 'Anna going with Mrs. Turner, that she might be prevented speaking English, Fleeming, Miss H. and I (it is the mother who writes) walking together. As we reached the Rue de Clichy, the report of the cannon sounded close to our ears and made our hearts sick, I assure you. The fighting was at the barrier Rochechouart, a few streets off. All Saturday and Sunday we were a prey to



great alarm, there came so many reports that the insurgents were getting the upper hand. One could tell the state of affairs from the extreme quiet or the sudden hum in the street. When the news was bad, all the houses closed and the people disappeared; when better, the doors half opened and you heard the sound of men again. From the upper windows we could see each discharge from the Bastille—I mean the smoke rising—and also the flames and smoke from the Boulevard la Chapelle. We were four ladies, and only Fleeming by way of a man, and difficulty enough we had to keep him from joining the National Guards—his pride and spirit were both fired. You cannot picture to yourself the multitudes of soldiers, guards, and armed men of all sorts we watched—not close to the window, however, for such havoc had been made among them by the firing from the windows, that as the battalions marched by, they cried, "Fermez vos fenêtres!" and it was very painful to watch their looks of anxiety and suspicion as they marched by.'

'The Revolution,' writes Fleeming to Frank Scott, 'was quite delightful: getting popped

at and run at by horses, and giving sous for the wounded into little boxes guarded by the raggedest, picturesquest, delightfullest, sentinels; but the insurrection! ugh, I shudder to think at [*sic*] it.' He found it 'not a bit of fun sitting boxed up in the house four days almost . . . . I was the only *gentleman* to four ladies, and didn't they keep me in order! I did not dare to show my face at a window, for fear of catching a stray ball or being forced to enter the National Guard; [for] they would have it I was a man full-grown, French, and every way fit to fight. And my mamma was as bad as any of them; she that told me I was a coward last time if I stayed in the house a quarter of an hour! But I drew, examined the pistols, of which I found lots with caps, powder, and ball, while sometimes murderous intentions of killing a dozen insurgents and dying violently overpowered by numbers. . . . .' We may drop this sentence here: under the conduct of its boyish writer, it was to reach no legitimate end.

Four days of such a discipline had cured the family of Paris; the same year Fleeming was to

write, in answer apparently to a question of Frank Scott's, 'I could find no national game in France but revolutions'; and the witticism was justified in their experience. On the first possible day, they applied for passports, and were advised to take the road to Geneva. It appears it was scarce safe to leave Paris for England. Charles Reade, with keen dramatic gusto, had just smuggled himself out of that city in the bottom of a cab. English gold had been found on the insurgents, the name of England was in evil odour; and it was thus—for strategic reasons, so to speak—that Fleeming found himself on the way to that Italy where he was to complete his education, and for which he cherished to the end a special kindness.

It was in Genoa they settled; partly for the sake of the captain, who might there find naval comrades; partly because of the Ruffinis, who had been friends of Mrs. Jenkin in their time of exile and were now considerable men at home; partly, in fine, with hopes that Fleeming might attend the University; in preparation for which he was put at once to school. It was the year of Novara; Mazzini was in

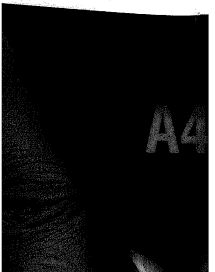
Rome; the dry bones of Italy were moving; and for people of alert and liberal sympathies the time was inspiriting. What with exiles turned Ministers of State, universities thrown open to Protestants, Fleeming himself the first Protestant student in Genoa, and thus, as his mother writes, 'a living instance of the progress of liberal ideas'—it was little wonder if the enthusiastic young woman and the clever boy were heart and soul upon the side of Italy. It should not be forgotten that they were both on their first visit to that country; the mother still 'child enough' to be delighted when she saw 'real monks'; and both mother and son thrilling with the first sight of snowy Alps, the blue Mediterranean, and the crowded port and the palaces of Genoa. Nor was their zeal without knowledge. Ruffini, deputy for Genoa and soon to be head of the University, was at their side; and by means of him the family appear to have had access to much Italian society. To the end, Fleeming professed his admiration of the Piedmontese and his unalterable confidence in the future of Italy under their conduct; for Victor Emanuel, Cavour,

the first La Marmora and Garibaldi, he had varying degrees of sympathy and praise: perhaps highest for the King, whose good sense and temper filled him with respect—perhaps least for Garibaldi, whom he loved but yet mistrusted.

But this is to look forward: these were the days not of Victor Emanuel but of Charles Albert; and it was on Charles Albert that mother and son had now fixed their eyes as on the sword-bearer of Italy. On Fleeming's sixteenth birthday, they were, the mother writes, 'in great anxiety for news from the army. You can have no idea what it is to live in a country where such a struggle is going on. The interest is one that absorbs all others. We eat, drink, and sleep to the noise of drums and musketry. You would enjoy and almost admire Fleeming's enthusiasm and earnestness—and courage, I may say—for we are among the small minority of English who side with the Italians. The other day, at dinner at the Consul's, boy as he is, and in spite of my admonitions, Fleeming defended the Italian cause, and so well that he "tripped up the heels of his adversary"

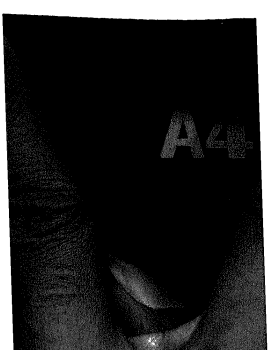
simply from being well-informed on the subject and honest. He is as true as steel, and for no one will he bend right or left. . . . . Do not fancy him a Bobadil,' she adds, 'he is only a very true, candid boy. I am so glad he remains in all respects but information a great child.'

If this letter is correctly dated, the cause was already lost and the King had already abdicated when these lines were written. No sooner did the news reach Genoa, than there began 'tumultuous movements'; and the Jenkins' received hints it would be wise to leave the city. But they had friends and interests; even the captain had English officers to keep him company, for Lord Hardwicke's ship, the *Vengeance*, lay in port; and supposing the danger to be real, I cannot but suspect the whole family of a divided purpose, prudence being possibly weaker than curiosity. Stay, at least, they did, and thus rounded their experience of the revolutionary year. On Sunday, April 1, Fleeming and the captain went for a ramble beyond the walls, leaving Aunt Anna and Mrs. Jenkin to walk on the bastions with some friends. On



the way back, this party turned aside to rest in the Church of the Madonna delle Grazie. 'We had remarked,' writes Mrs. Jenkin, 'the entire absence of sentinels on the ramparts, and how the cannons were left in solitary state; and I had just remarked "How quiet everything is!" when suddenly we heard the drums begin to beat and distant shouts. *Accustomed as we are* to revolutions, we never thought of being frightened.' For all that, they resumed their return home. On the way they saw men running and vociferating, but nothing to indicate a general disturbance, until, near the Duke's palace, they came upon and passed a shouting mob dragging along with it three cannon. It had scarcely passed before they heard 'a rushing sound'; one of the gentlemen thrust back the party of ladies under a shed, and the mob passed again. A fine-looking young man was in their hands; and Mrs. Jenkin saw him with his mouth open as if he sought to speak, saw him tossed from one to another like a ball, and then saw him no more. 'He was dead a few instants after, but the crowd hid that terror from us. My knees shook under me and my sight left me.' With

lation and departure of the troops speedily followed. Genoa was in the hands of the Republicans, and now came a time when the English residents were in a position to pay some return for hospitality received. Nor were they backward. Our Consul (the same who had the benefit of correction from Fleeming) carried the Intendente on board the *Vengeance*, escorting him through the streets, getting along with him on board a shore boat, and when the insurgents levelled their muskets, standing up and naming himself, '*Console Inglese*.' A friend of the Jenkins', Captain Glynne, had a more painful, if a less dramatic part. One Colonel Nosozzo had been killed (I read) while trying to prevent his own artillery from firing on the mob; but in that hell's cauldron of a distracted city, there were no distinctions made, and the Colonel's widow was hunted for her life. In her grief and peril, the Glynnes received and hid her; Captain Glynne sought and found her husband's body among the slain, saved it for two days,



brought the widow a lock of the dead man's hair; but at last, the mob still strictly searching, seems to have abandoned the body, and conveyed his guest on board the *Vengeance*. The Jenkins also had their refugees, the family of an *employé* threatened by a decree. 'You should have seen me making a Union Jack to nail over our door,' writes Mrs. Jenkin. 'I never worked so fast in my life. Monday and Tuesday,' she continues, 'were tolerably quiet, our hearts beating fast in the hope of La Marmora's approach, the streets barricaded, and none but foreigners and women allowed to leave the city.' On Wednesday, La Marmora came indeed, but in the ugly form of a bombardment; and that evening the Jenkins sat without lights about their drawing-room window, 'watching the huge red flashes of the cannon' from the Brigato and La Specula forts, and hearkening, not without some awful pleasure, to the thunder of the cannonade.

Lord Hardwicke intervened between the rebels and La Marmora; and there followed a troubled armistice, filled with the voice of panic. Now the *Vengeance* was known to be cleared

for action; now it was rumoured that the galley slaves were to be let loose upon the town, and now that the troops would enter it by storm. Crowds, trusting in the Union Jack over the Jenkins' door, came to beg them to receive their linen and other valuables; nor could their instances be refused; and in the midst of all this bustle and alarm, piles of goods must be examined and long inventories made. At last the captain decided things had gone too far. He himself apparently remained to watch over the linen; but at five o'clock on the Sunday morning, Aunt Anna, Fleeming, and his mother were rowed in a pour of rain on board an English merchantman, to suffer 'nine mortal hours of agonising suspense.' With the end of that time, peace was restored. On Tuesday morning officers with white flags appeared on the bastions; then, regiment by regiment, the troops marched in, two hundred men sleeping on the ground floor of the Jenkins' house, thirty thousand in all entering the city, but without disturbance, old La Marmora being a commander of a Roman sternness.

With the return of quiet, and the reopening

of the universities, we behold a new character, Signor Flaminio: the professors, it appears, made no attempt upon the Jenkin; and thus readily italianised the Fleeming. He came well recommended; for their friend Ruffini was then, or soon after, raised to be the head of the University; and the professors were very kind and attentive, possibly to Ruffini's *protégé*, perhaps also to the first Protestant student. It was no joke for Signor Flaminio at first; certificates had to be got from Paris and from Rector Williams; the classics must be furbished up at home that he might follow Latin lectures; examinations bristled in the path, the entrance examination with Latin and English essay, and oral trials (much softened for the foreigner) in Horace, Tacitus, and Cicero, and the first University examination only three months later, in Italian eloquence, no less, and other wider subjects. On one point the first Protestant student was moved to thank his stars: that there was no Greek required for the degree. Little did he think, as he set down his gratitude, how much, in later life and among cribs and dictionaries, he was to lament this circumstance; nor how

much of that later life he was to spend acquiring, with infinite toil, a shadow of what he might then have got with ease and fully. But if his Genoese education was in this particular imperfect, he was fortunate in the branches that more immediately touched on his career. The physical laboratory was the best mounted in Italy. Bancalari, the professor of natural philosophy, was famous in his day; by what seems even an odd coincidence, he went deeply into electro-magnetism; and it was principally in that subject that Signor Flaminio, questioned in Latin and answering in Italian, passed his Master of Arts degree with first-class honours. That he had secured the notice of his teachers, one circumstance sufficiently proves. A philosophical society was started under the presidency of Mamiani, 'one of the examiners and one of the leaders of the Moderate party'; and out of five promising students brought forward by the professors to attend the sittings and present essays, Signor Flaminio was one. I cannot find that he ever read an essay; and indeed I think his hands were otherwise too full. He found his fellow-students 'not such a bad set of

naps,' and preferred the Piedmontese before ıe Genoese; but I suspect he mixed not very eely with either. Not only were his days filled ith university work, but his spare hours were lly dedicated to the arts under the eye of a eloved task-mistress. He worked hard and ell in the art school, where he obtained a sil- er medal 'for a couple of legs the size of life rawn from one of Raphael's cartoons.' His olidays were spent in sketching; his evenings, hen they were free, at the theatre. Here at the pera he discovered besides a taste for a new rt, the art of music; and it was, he wrote, 'as he had found out a heaven on earth.' 'I am o anxious that whatever he professes to know, e should really perfectly possess,' his mother rote, 'that I spare no pains'; neither to him or to myself, she might have added. And so hen he begged to be allowed to learn the iano, she started him with characteristic bar- arity on the scales; and heard in consequence heart-rending groans' and saw 'anguished laspings of hands' as he lost his way among ıeir arid intricacies.

In this picture of the lad at the piano, there

is something, for the period, girlish. He was indeed his mother's boy; and it was fortunate his mother was not altogether feminine. She gave her son a womanly delicacy in morals, to a man's taste—to his own taste in later life—too finely spun, and perhaps more elegant than healthful. She encouraged him besides in drawing-room interests. But in other points her influence was manlike. Filled with the spirit of thoroughness, she taught him to make of the least of these accomplishments a virile task; and the teaching lasted him through life. Immersed as she was in the day's movements and buzzed about by leading Liberals, she handed on to him her creed in politics: an enduring kindness for Italy, and a loyalty, like that of many clever women, to the Liberal party with but small regard to men or measures. This attitude of mind used often to disappoint me in a man so fond of logic; but I see now how it was learned from the bright eyes of his mother and to the sound of the cannonades of 1848. To some of her defects, besides, she made him heir. Kind as was the bond that united her to her son, kind and even pretty, she was scarce a

woman to adorn a home; loving as she did to shine; careless as she was of domestic, studious of public graces. She probably rejoiced to see the boy grow up in somewhat of the image of herself, generous, excessive, enthusiastic, external; catching at ideas, brandishing them when caught; fiery for the right, but always fiery; ready at fifteen to correct a consul, ready at fifty to explain to any artist his own art.

The defects and advantages of such a training were obvious in Fleeming throughout life. His thoroughness was not that of the patient scholar, but of an untrained woman with fits of passionate study; he had learned too much from dogma, given indeed by cherished lips; and precocious as he was in the use of the tools of the mind, he was truly backward in knowledge of life and of himself. Such as it was at least, his home and school training was now complete; and you are to conceive the lad as being formed in a household of meagre revenue, among foreign surroundings, and under the influence of an imperious drawing-room queen; from whom he learned a great refinement of

morals, a strong sense of duty, much forwardness of bearing, all manner of studious and artistic interests, and many ready-made opinions which he embraced with a son's and a disciple's loyalty.

CHAPTER III.

1851—1858.

Return to England—Fleeming at Fairbairn's—Experience in a Strike—Dr. Bell and Greek Architecture—The Gaskells—Fleeming at Greenwich—The Austins—Fleeming and the Austins—His Engagement—Fleeming and Sir W. Thomson.

IN 1851, the year of Aunt Anna's death, the family left Genoa and came to Manchester, where Fleeming was entered in Fairbairn's works as an apprentice. From the palaces and Alps, the Mole, the blue Mediterranean, the humming lanes and the bright theatres of Genoa, he fell—and he was sharply conscious of the fall—to the dim skies and the foul ways of Manchester. England he found on his return 'a horrid place,' and there is no doubt the family found it a dear one. The story of the Jenkin finances is not easy to follow. The family, I am told, did not practice frugality, only lamented that it should be needful; and Mrs. Jenkin, who was always complaining of 'those dreadful bills,' was 'always a good deal dressed.' But at this time of

the return to England, things must have gone further. A holiday tour of a fortnight, Fleeming feared would be beyond what he could afford, and he only projected it 'to have a castle in the air.' And there were actual pinches. Fresh from a warmer sun, he was obliged to go without a greatcoat, and learned on railway journeys to supply the place of one with wrappings of old newspaper.

From half-past eight till six, he must 'file and chip vigorously in a moleskin suit and infernally dirty.' The work was not new to him, for he had already passed some time in a Genoese shop; and to Fleeming no work was without interest. Whatever a man can do or know, he longed to know and do also. 'I never learned anything,' he wrote, 'not even standing on my head, but I found a use for it.' In the spare hours of his first telegraph voyage, to give an instance of his greed of knowledge, he meant 'to learn the whole art of navigation, every rope in the ship and how to handle her on any occasion'; and once when he was shown a young lady's holiday collection of seaweeds, he must cry out, 'It showed me my eyes had been idle.'

Nor was his the case of the mere literary smatterer, content if he but learn the names of things. In him, to do and to do well, was even a dearer ambition than to know. Anything done well, any craft, despatch, or finish, delighted and inspired him. I remember him with a twopenny Japanese box of three drawers, so exactly fitted that, when one was driven home, the others started from their places; the whole spirit of Japan, he told me, was pictured in that box; that plain piece of carpentry was as much inspired by the spirit of perfection as the happiest drawing or the finest bronze; and he who could not enjoy it in the one was not fully able to enjoy it in the others. Thus, too, he found in Leonardo's engineering and anatomical drawings a perpetual feast; and of the former he spoke even with emotion. Nothing indeed annoyed Fleeming more than the attempt to separate the fine arts from the arts of handicraft; any definition or theory that failed to bring these two together, according to him, had missed the point; and the essence of the pleasure received lay in seeing things well done. Other qualities must be added; he was the last to deny that;

but this, of perfect craft, was at the bottom of all. And on the other hand, a nail ill-driven, a joint ill-fitted, a tracing clumsily done, anything to which a man had set his hand and not set it aptly, moved him to shame and anger. With such a character, he would feel but little drudgery at Fairbairn's. There would be something daily to be done, slovenliness to be avoided, and a higher mark of skill to be attained; he would chip and file, as he had practiced scales, impatient of his own imperfection, but resolute to learn.

And there was another spring of delight. For he was now moving daily among those strange creations of man's brain, to some so abhorrent, to him of an interest so inexhaustible: in which iron, water, and fire are made to serve as slaves, now with a tread more powerful than an elephant's, and now with a touch more precise and dainty than a pianist's. The taste for machinery was one that I could never share with him, and he had a certain bitter pity for my weakness. Once when I had proved, for the hundredth time, the depth of this defect, he looked at me askance: 'And the best of the joke,' said

he, 'is that he thinks himself quite a poet.' For to him the struggle of the engineer against brute forces and with inert allies, was nobly poetic. Habit never dulled in him the sense of the greatness of the aims and obstacles of his profession. Habit only sharpened his inventor's gusto in contrivance, in triumphant artifice, in the Odyssean subtleties, by which wires are taught to speak, and iron hands to weave, and the slender ship to brave and to outstrip the tempest. To the ignorant the great results alone are admirable; to the knowing, and to Fleeming in particular, rather the infinite device and sleight of hand that made them possible.

A notion was current at the time that, in such a shop as Fairbairn's, a pupil would never be popular unless he drank with the workmen and imitated them in speech and manner. Fleeming, who would do none of these things, they accepted as a friend and companion; and this was the subject of remark in Manchester, where some memory of it lingers till to-day. He thought it one of the advantages of his profession to be brought into a close relation with the working classes; and for the skilled artisan he

had a great esteem, liking his company, his virtues, and his taste in some of the arts. But he knew the classes too well to regard them, like a platform speaker, in a lump. He drew, on the other hand, broad distinctions; and it was his profound sense of the difference between one working man and another that led him to devote so much time, in later days, to the furtherance of technical education. In 1852 he had occasion to see both men and masters at their worst, in the excitement of a strike; and very foolishly (after their custom) both would seem to have behaved. Beginning with a fair show of justice on either side, the masters stultified their cause by obstinate impolicy, and the men disgraced their order by acts of outrage. 'On Wednesday last,' writes Fleeming, 'about three thousand banded round Fairbairn's door at 6 o'clock: men, women, and children, factory boys and girls, the lowest of the low in a very low place. Orders came that no one was to leave the works; but the men inside (Knobsticks, as they are called) were precious hungry and thought they would venture. Two of my companions and myself went out with the very first,

and had the full benefit of every possible groan and bad language.' But the police cleared a lane through the crowd, the pupils were suffered to escape unhurt, and only the Knobsticks followed home and kicked with clogs; so that Fleeming enjoyed, as we may say, for nothing, that fine thrill of expectant valour with which he had sallied forth into the mob. 'I never before felt myself so decidedly somebody, instead of nobody,' he wrote.

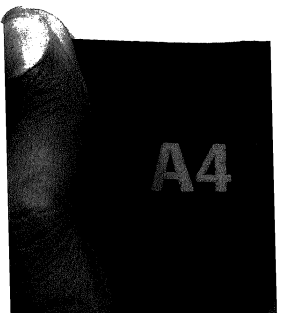
Outside as inside the works, he was 'pretty merry and well to do,' zealous in study, welcome to many friends, unwearied in loving-kindness to his mother. For some time he spent three nights a week with Dr. Bell, 'working away at certain geometrical methods of getting the Greek architectural proportions': a business after Fleeming's heart, for he was never so pleased as when he could marry his two devotions, art and science. This was besides, in all likelihood, the beginning of that love and intimate appreciation of things Greek, from the least to the greatest, from the *Agamemnon* (perhaps his favourite tragedy) down to the details of Grecian tailoring, which he used to express

in his familiar phrase: 'The Greeks were the boys.' Dr. Bell—the son of George Joseph, the nephew of Sir Charles, and though he made less use of it than some, a sharer in the distinguished talents of his race—had hit upon the singular fact that certain geometrical intersections gave the proportions of the Doric order. Fleeming, under Dr. Bell's direction, applied the same method to the other orders, and again found the proportions accurately given. Numbers of diagrams were prepared; but the discovery was never given to the world, perhaps because of the dissensions that arose between the authors. For Dr. Bell believed that 'these intersections were in some way connected with, or symbolical of, the antagonistic forces at work'; but his pupil and helper, with characteristic trenchancy, brushed aside this mysticism, and interpreted the discovery as 'a geometrical method of dividing the spaces or (as might be said) of setting out the work, purely empirical and in no way connected with any laws of either force or beauty.' 'Many a hard and pleasant fight we had over it,' wrote Jenkin, in later years; 'and impertinent as it may seem, the pupil is still

unconvinced by the arguments of the master.' I do not know about the antagonistic forces in the Doric order; in Fleeming they were plain enough; and the Bobadil of these affairs with Dr. Bell was still, like the corrector of Italian consuls, 'a great child in everything but information.' At the house of Colonel Cleather, he might be seen with a family of children; and with these, there was no word of the Greek orders; with these Fleeming was only an uproarious boy and an entertaining draughtsman; so that his coming was the signal for the young people to troop into the playroom, where sometimes the roof rang with romping, and sometimes they gathered quietly about him as he amused them with his pencil.

In another Manchester family, whose name will be familiar to my readers—that of the Gaskells, Fleeming was a frequent visitor. To Mrs. Gaskell, he would often bring his new ideas, a process that many of his later friends will understand and, in their own cases, remember. With the girls, he had 'constant fierce wrangles,' forcing them to reason out their thoughts and to explain their prepossessions; and I hear from

Miss Gaskell that they used to wonder how he could throw all the ardour of his character into the smallest matters, and to admire his unselfish devotion to his parents. Of one of these wrangles, I have found a record most characteristic of the man. Fleeming had been laying down his doctrine that the end justifies the means, and that it is quite right 'to boast of your six men-servants to a burglar or to steal a knife to prevent a murder'; and the Miss Gaskells, with girlish loyalty to what is current, had rejected the heresy with indignation. From such passages-at-arms, many retire mortified and ruffled; but Fleeming had no sooner left the house than he fell into delighted admiration of the spirit of his adversaries. From that it was but a step to ask himself 'what truth was sticking in their heads'; for even the falsest form of words (in Fleeming's life-long opinion) reposed upon some truth, just as he could 'not even allow that people admire ugly things, they admire what is pretty in the ugly thing.' And before he sat down to write his letter, he thought he had hit upon the explanation. 'I fancy the true idea,' he wrote, 'is that you must never do your-



self or anyone else a moral injury—make any man a thief or a liar—for any end'; quite a different thing, as he would have loved to point out, from never stealing or lying. But this perfervid disputant was not always out of key with his audience. One whom he met in the same house announced that she would never again be happy. 'What does that signify?' cried Fleeming. 'We are not here to be happy, but to be good.' And the words (as his hearer writes to me) became to her a sort of motto during life.

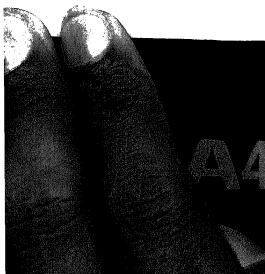
From Fairbairn's and Manchester, Fleeming passed to a railway survey in Switzerland, and thence again to Mr. Penn's at Greenwich, where he was engaged as draughtsman. There in 1856, we find him in 'a terribly busy state, finishing up engines for innumerable gun-boats and steam frigates for the ensuing campaign.' From half-past eight in the morning till nine or ten at night, he worked in a crowded office among uncongenial comrades, 'saluted by chaff, generally low personal and not witty,' pelted with oranges and apples, regaled with dirty stories, and seeking to suit himself with his surroundings or (as he writes it) trying to be as little like himself as

possible. His lodgings were hard by, 'across a dirty green and through some half-built streets of two-storied houses'; he had Carlyle and the poets, engineering and mathematics, to study by himself in such spare time as remained to him; and there were several ladies, young and not so young, with whom he liked to correspond. But not all of these could compensate for the absence of that mother, who had made herself so large a figure in his life, for sorry surroundings, unsuitable society, and work that leaned to the mechanical. 'Sunday,' says he, 'I generally visit some friends in town and seem to swim in clearer water, but the dirty green seems all the dirtier when I get back. Luckily I am fond of my profession, or I could not stand this life.' It is a question in my mind, if he could have long continued to stand it without loss. 'We are not here to be happy, but to be good,' quoth the young philosopher; but no man had a keener appetite for happiness than Fleeming Jenkin. There is a time of life besides when, apart from circumstances, few men are agreeable to their neighbours and still fewer to themselves; and it was at this stage that

Fleeming had arrived, later than common and even worse provided. The letter from which I have quoted is the last of his correspondence with Frank Scott, and his last confidential letter to one of his own sex. 'If you consider it rightly,' he wrote long after, 'you will find the want of correspondence no such strange want in men's friendships. There is, believe me, something noble in the metal which does not rust though not burnished by daily use.' It is well said; but the last letter to Frank Scott is scarcely of a noble metal. It is plain the writer has outgrown his old self, yet not made acquaintance with the new. This letter from a busy youth of three and twenty, breathes of seventeen: the sickening alternations of conceit and shame, the expense of hope *in vacuo*, the lack of friends, the longing after love; the whole world of egoism under which youth stands groaning, a voluntary Atlas.

With Fleeming this disease was never seemingly severe. The very day before this (to me) distasteful letter, he had written to Miss Bell of Manchester in a sweeter strain; I do not quote the one, I quote the other; fair things are the

best. 'I keep my own little lodgings,' he writes, 'but come up every night to see mamma' (who was then on a visit to London) 'if not kept too late at the works; and have singing lessons once more, and sing "*Donne l'amore è scaltro pargoletto*"; and think and talk about you; and listen to mamma's projects *de* Stowting. Everything turns to gold at her touch, she's a fairy and no mistake. We go on talking till I have a picture in my head, and can hardly believe at the end that the original is Stowting. Even you don't know half how good mamma is; in other things too, which I must not mention. She teaches me how it is not necessary to be very rich to do much good. I begin to understand that mamma would find useful occupation and create beauty at the bottom of a volcano. She has little weaknesses, but is a real generous-hearted woman, which I suppose is the finest thing in the world.' Though neither mother nor son could be called beautiful, they make a pretty picture; the ugly, generous, ardent woman weaving rainbow illusions; the ugly, clear-sighted, loving son sitting at her side in one of his rare hours of pleasure, half-beguiled, half-



amused, wholly admiring, as he listens. But as he goes home, and the fancy pictures fade, and Stowting is once more burthened with debt, and the noisy companions and the long hours of drudgery once more approach, no wonder if the dirty green seems all the dirtier or if Atlas must resume his load.

But in healthy natures, this time of moral teething passes quickly of itself, and is easily alleviated by fresh interests; and already, in the letter to Frank Scott, there are two words of hope: his friends in London, his love for his profession. The last might have saved him; for he was ere long to pass into a new sphere, where all his faculties were to be tried and exercised, and his life to be filled with interest and effort. But it was not left to engineering: another and more influential aim was to be set before him. He must, in any case, have fallen in love; in any case, his love would have ruled his life; and the question of choice was, for the descendant of two such families, a thing of paramount importance. Innocent of the world, fiery, generous, devoted as he was, the son of the wild Jacksons and the facile Jenkins might have been

led far astray. By one of those partialities that fill men at once with gratitude and wonder, his choosing was directed well. Or are we to say that by a man's choice in marriage, as by a crucial merit, he deserves his fortune? One thing at least reason may discern: that a man but partly chooses, he also partly forms, his helpmate; and he must in part deserve her, or the treasure is but won for a moment to be lost. Fleeming chanced if you will (and indeed all these opportunities are as 'random as blind man's buff') upon a wife who was worthy of him; but he had the wit to know it, the courage to wait and labour for his prize, and the tenderness and chivalry that are required to keep such prizes precious. Upon this point he has himself written well, as usual with fervent optimism, but as usual (in his own phrase) with a truth sticking in his head.

'Love,' he wrote, 'is not an intuition of the person most suitable to us, most required by us; of the person with whom life flowers and bears fruit. If this were so, the chances of our meeting that person would be small indeed; our intuition would often fail; the blindness of love

would then be fatal as it is proverbial. No, love works differently, and in its blindness lies its strength. Man and woman, each strongly desires to be loved, each opens to the other that heart of ideal aspirations which they have often hid till then; each, thus knowing the ideal of the other, tries to fulfil that ideal, each partially succeeds. The greater the love, the greater the success; the nobler the idea of each, the more durable, the more beautiful the effect. Meanwhile the blindness of each to the other's defects enables the transformation to proceed [unobserved,] so that when the veil is withdrawn (if it ever is, and this I do not know) neither knows that any change has occurred in the person whom they loved. Do not fear, therefore. I do not tell you that your friend will not change, but as I am sure that her choice cannot be that of a man with a base ideal, so I am sure the change will be a safe and a good one. Do not fear that anything you love will vanish, he must love it too.'

Among other introductions in London, Fleeming had presented a letter from Mrs. Gaskell to the Alfred Austins. This was a family certain

to interest a thoughtful young man. Alfred, the youngest and least known of the Austins, had been a beautiful golden-haired child, petted and kept out of the way of both sport and study by a partial mother. Bred an attorney, he had (like both his brothers) changed his way of life, and was called to the bar when past thirty. A Commission of Enquiry into the state of the poor in Dorsetshire gave him an opportunity of proving his true talents; and he was appointed a Poor Law Inspector, first at Worcester, next at Manchester, where he had to deal with the potato famine and the Irish immigration of the 'forties, and finally in London, where he again distinguished himself during an epidemic of cholera. He was then advanced to the Permanent Secretaryship of Her Majesty's Office of Works and Public Buildings; a position which he filled with perfect competence, but with an extreme of modesty; and on his retirement, in 1868, he was made a Companion of the Bath. While apprentice to a Norwich attorney, Alfred Austin was a frequent visitor in the house of Mr. Barron, a rallying place in those days of intellectual society. Edward Barron, the son of a

rich saddler or leather merchant in the Borough, was a man typical of the time. When he was a child, he had once been patted on the head in his father's shop by no less a man than Samuel Johnson, as the Doctor went round the Borough canvassing for Mr. Thrale; and the child was true to this early consecration. 'A life of lettered ease spent in provincial retirement,' it is thus that the biographer of that remarkable man, William Taylor, announces his subject; and the phrase is equally descriptive of the life of Edward Barron. The pair were close friends: 'W. T. and a pipe render everything agreeable,' writes Barron in his diary in 1828; and in 1833, after Barron had moved to London and Taylor had tasted the first public failure of his powers, the latter wrote: 'To my ever dearest Mr. Barron say, if you please, that I miss him more than I regret him—that I acquiesce in his retirement from Norwich, because I could ill brook his observation of my increasing debility of mind.' This chosen companion of William Taylor must himself have been no ordinary man; and he was the friend besides of Borrow, whom I find him helping in his Latin. But he had no desire for

popular distinction, lived privately, married a daughter of Dr. Enfield of Enfield's *Speaker*, and devoted his time to the education of his family, in a deliberate and scholarly fashion, and with certain traits of stoicism, that would surprise a modern. From these children we must single out his youngest daughter, Eliza, who learned under his care to be a sound Latin, an elegant Grecian, and to suppress emotion without outward sign after the manner of the Godwin school. This was the more notable, as the girl really derived from the Enfields; whose high-flown romantic temper, I wish I could find space to illustrate. She was but seven years old, when Alfred Austin remarked and fell in love with her; and the union thus early prepared was singularly full. Where the husband and wife differed, and they did so on momentous subjects, they differed with perfect temper and content; and in the conduct of life, and in depth and durability of love, they were at one. Each full of high spirits, each practised something of the same repression: no sharp word was uttered in their house. The same point of honour ruled them. a guest was sacred and stood within the pale

from criticism. It was a house, besides, of unusual intellectual tension. Mrs. Austin remembered, in the early days of the marriage, the three brothers, John, Charles, and Alfred, marching to and fro, each with his hands behind his back, and 'reasoning high' till morning; and how, like Dr. Johnson, they would cheer their speculations with as many as fifteen cups of tea. And though, before the date of Fleeming's visit, the brothers were separated, Charles long ago retired from the world at Brandeston, and John already near his end in the 'rambling old house' at Weybridge, Alfred Austin and his wife were still a centre of much intellectual society, and still, as indeed they remained until the last, youthfully alert in mind. There was but one child of the marriage, Anne, and she was herself something new for the eyes of the young visitor; brought up, as she had been, like her mother before her, to the standard of a man's acquirements. Only one art had she been denied, she must not learn the violin—the thought was too monstrous even for the Austins; and indeed it would seem as if that tide of reform which we may date from the days of Mary Woll-

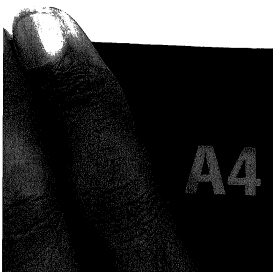
stonecraft had in some degree even receded; for though Miss Austin was suffered to learn Greek, the accomplishment was kept secret like a piece of guilt. But whether this stealth was caused by a backward movement in public thought since the time of Edward Barron, or by the change from enlightened Norwich to barbarian London, I have no means of judging.

When Fleeming presented his letter, he fell in love at first sight with Mrs. Austin and the life and atmosphere of the house. There was in the society of the Austins, outward, stoical conformers to the world, something gravely suggestive of essential eccentricity, something unpretentiously breathing of intellectual effort. that could not fail to hit the fancy of this hot-brained boy. The unbroken enamel of courtesy, the self-restraint, the dignified kindness of these married folk, had besides a particular attraction for their visitor. He could not but compare what he saw, with what he knew of his mother and himself. Whatever virtues Fleeming possessed, he could never count on being civil; whatever brave, true-hearted qualities he was able to admire in Mrs. Jenkin, mildness of demeanour

was not one of them. And here he found persons who were the equals of his mother and himself in intellect and width of interest, and the equals of his father in mild urbanity of disposition. Show Fleeming an active virtue, and he always loved it. He went away from that house struck through with admiration, and vowing to himself that his own married life should be upon that pattern, his wife (whoever she might be) like Eliza Barron, himself such another husband as Alfred Austin. What is more strange, he not only brought away, but left behind him, golden opinions. He must have been —he was, I am told—a trying lad; but there shone out of him such a light of innocent candour, enthusiasm, intelligence, and appreciation, that to persons already some way forward in years, and thus able to enjoy indulgently the perennial comedy of youth, the sight of him was delightful. By a pleasant coincidence, there was one person in the house whom he did not appreciate and who did not appreciate him: Anne Austin, his future wife. His boyish vanity ruffled her; his appearance, never impressive, was then, by reason of obtrusive boyishness,

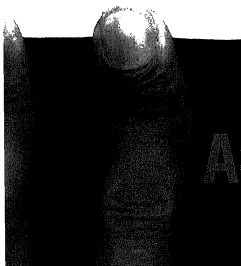
still less so; she found occasion to put him in the wrong by correcting a false quantity; and when Mr. Austin, after doing his visitor the almost unheard-of honour of accompanying him to the door, announced 'That was what young men were like in my time'—she could only reply, looking on her handsome father, 'I thought they had been better looking.'

This first visit to the Austins took place in 1855; and it seems it was some time before Fleeming began to know his mind; and yet longer ere he ventured to show it. The corrected quantity, to those who knew him well, will seem to have played its part; he was the man always to reflect over a correction and to admire the castigator. And fall in love he did; not hurriedly but step by step, not blindly but with critical discrimination; not in the fashion of Romeo, but before he was done, with all Romeo's ardour and more than Romeo's faith. The high favour to which he presently rose in the esteem of Alfred Austin and his wife, might well give him ambitious notions; but the poverty of the present and the obscurity of the future were there to give him pause; and when



his aspirations began to settle round Miss Austin, he tasted, perhaps for the only time in his life, the pangs of diffidence. There was indeed opening before him a wide door of hope. He had changed into the service of Messrs. Liddell & Gordon; these gentlemen had begun to dabble in the new field of marine telegraphy; and Fleeming was already face to face with his life's work. That impotent sense of his own value, as of a ship aground, which makes one of the agonies of youth, began to fall from him. New problems which he was endowed to solve, vistas of new enquiry which he was fitted to explore, opened before him continually. His gifts had found their avenue and goal. And with this pleasure of effective exercise, there must have sprung up at once the hope of what is called by the world success. But from these low beginnings, it was a far look upward to Miss Austin: the favour of the loved one seems always more than problematical to any lover; the consent of parents must be always more than doubtful to a young man with a small salary and no capital except capacity and hope. But Fleeming was not the lad to lose any good thing

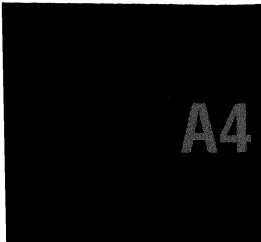
for the lack of trial; and at length, in the autumn of 1857, this boyish-sized, boyish-mannered, and superlatively ill-dressed young engineer, entered the house of the Austins, with such sinkings as we may fancy, and asked leave to pay his addresses to the daughter. Mrs. Austin already loved him like a son, she was but too glad to give him her consent; Mr. Austin reserved the right to inquire into his character; from neither was there a word about his prospects, by neither was his income mentioned. 'Are these people,' he wrote, struck with wonder at this dignified disinterestedness, 'are these people the same as other people?' It was not till he was armed with this permission, that Miss Austin even suspected the nature of his hopes: so strong, in this unmannerly boy, was the principle of true courtesy; so powerful, in this impetuous nature, the springs of self-repression. And yet a boy he was; a boy in heart and mind; and it was with a boy's chivalry and frankness that he won his wife. His conduct was a model of honour, hardly of tact; to conceal love from the loved one, to court her parents, to be silent and discreet till these are won, and then with-



out preparation to approach the lady—these are not arts that I would recommend for imitation. They lead to final refusal. Nothing saved Fleeming from that fate, but one circumstance that cannot be counted upon—the hearty favour of the mother, and one gift that is inimitable and that never failed him throughout life, the gift of a nature essentially noble and outspoken. A happy and high-minded anger flashed through his despair: it won for him his wife.

Nearly two years passed before it was possible to marry: two years of activity, now in London; now at Birkenhead, fitting out ships, inventing new machinery for new purposes, and dipping into electrical experiment; now in the *Elba* on his first telegraph cruise between Sardinia and Algiers: a busy and delightful period of bounding ardour, incessant toil, growing hope and fresh interests, with behind and through all, the image of his beloved. A few extracts from his correspondence with his betrothed will give the note of these truly joyous years. 'My profession gives me all the excitement and interest I ever hope for, but the sorry jade is obviously jealous of you.'—'"Poor

Fleeming," in spite of wet, cold and wind, clambering over moist, tarry slips, wandering among pools of slush in waste places inhabited by wandering locomotives, grows visibly stronger, has dismissed his office cough and cured his toothache.'—'The whole of the paying out and lifting machinery must be designed and ordered in two or three days, and I am half crazy with work. I like it though: it's like a good ball, the excitement carries you through.'—'I was running to and from the ships and warehouse through fierce gusts of rain and wind till near eleven, and you cannot think what a pleasure it was to be blown about and think of you in your pretty dress.'—'I am at the works till ten and sometimes till eleven. But I have a nice office to sit in, with a fire to myself, and bright brass scientific instruments all round me, and books to read, and experiments to make, and enjoy myself amazingly. I find the study of electricity so entertaining that I am apt to neglect my other work.' And for a last taste, 'Yesterday I had some charming electrical experiments. What shall I compare them to—a new song? a Greek play?'



It was at this time besides that he made the acquaintance of Professor, now Sir William, Thomson. To describe the part played by these two in each other's lives would lie out of my way. They worked together on the Committee on Electrical Standards; they served together at the laying down or the repair of many deep-sea cables; and Sir William was regarded by Fleeming, not only with the 'worship' (the word is his own) due to great scientific gifts, but with an ardour of personal friendship not frequently excelled. To their association, Fleeming brought the valuable element of a practical understanding; but he never thought or spoke of himself where Sir William was in question; and I recall quite in his last days, a singular instance of this modest loyalty to one whom he admired and loved. He drew up a paper, in a quite personal interest, of his own services; yet even here he must step out of his way, he must add, where it had no claim to be added, his opinion that, in their joint work, the contributions of Sir William had been always greatly the most valuable. Again, I shall not readily forget with what emotion he once told me an incident of their associ-

ated travels. On one of the mountain ledges of Madeira, Fleeming's pony bolted between Sir William and the precipice above; by strange good fortune and thanks to the steadiness of Sir William's horse, no harm was done; but for the moment, Fleeming saw his friend hurled into the sea, and almost by his own act: it was a memory that haunted him.

CHAPTER IV.

1859–1868.

Fleeming's Marriage—His Married Life—Professional Difficulties—Life at Claygate—Illness of Mrs. F. Jenkin; and of Fleeming—Appointment to the Chair at Edinburgh.

ON Saturday, Feb. 26, 1859, profiting by a holiday of four days, Fleeming was married to Miss Austin at Northiam: a place connected not only with his own family but with that of his bride as well. By Tuesday morning, he was at work again, fitting out cableships at Birkenhead. Of the walk from his lodgings to the works, I find a graphic sketch in one of his letters: 'Out over the railway bridge, along a wide road raised to the level of a ground floor above the land, which, not being built upon, harbours puddles, ponds, pigs, and Irish hovels;—so to the dock warehouses, four huge piles of building with no windows, surrounded by a wall about twelve feet high;—in through the large gates, round which hang twenty or thirty rusty Irish, playing pitch and toss and waiting for em-

ployment;—on along the railway, which came in at the same gates and which branches down between each vast block—past a pilot-engine butting refractory trucks into their places—on to the last block, [and] down the branch, sniffing the guano-scented air and detecting the old bones. The hartshorn flavour of the guano becomes very strong, as I near the docks where, across the *Elba's* decks, a huge vessel is discharging her cargo of the brown dust, and where huge vessels have been discharging that same cargo for the last five months.' This was the walk he took his young wife on the morrow of his return. She had been used to the society of lawyers and civil servants, moving in that circle which seems to itself the pivot of the nation and is in truth only a clique like another; and Fleeming was to her the nameless assistant of a nameless firm of engineers, doing his inglorious business, as she now saw for herself, among unsavoury surroundings. But when their walk brought them within view of the river, she beheld a sight to her of the most novel beauty: four great, sea-going ships dressed out with flags. 'How lovely!' she cried. 'What is it for?'—'For you,' said

Fleeming. Her surprise was only equalled by her pleasure. But perhaps, for what we may call private fame, there is no life like that of the engineer; who is a great man in out-of-the-way places, by the dockside or on the desert island or in populous ships, and remains quite unheard of in the coteries of London. And Fleeming had already made his mark among the few who had an opportunity of knowing him.

His marriage was the one decisive incident of his career; from that moment until the day of his death, he had one thought to which all the rest were tributary, the thought of his wife. No one could know him even slightly, and not remark the absorbing greatness of that sentiment; nor can any picture of the man be drawn that does not in proportion dwell upon it. This is a delicate task; but if we are to leave behind us (as we wish) some presentment of the friend we have lost, it is a task that must be undertaken.

For all his play of mind and fancy, for all his indulgence—and, as time went on, he grew indulgent—Fleeming had views of duty that were even stern. He was too shrewd a student of his fellow-men to remain long content with rigid

formulæ of conduct. Iron-bound, impersonal ethics, the procrustean bed of rules, he soon saw at their true value as the deification of averages. 'As to Miss (I declare I forget her name) being bad,' I find him writing, 'people only mean that she has broken the Decalogue—which is not at all the same thing. People who have kept in the high-road of Life really have less opportunity for taking a comprehensive view of it than those who have leaped over the hedges and strayed up the hills; not but what the hedges are very necessary, and our stray travellers often have a weary time of it. So, you may say, have those in the dusty roads.' Yet he was himself a very stern respecter of the hedgerows; sought safety and found dignity in the obvious path of conduct; and would palter with no simple and recognised duty of his epoch. Of marriage in particular, of the bond so formed, of the obligations incurred, of the debt men owe to their children, he conceived in a truly antique spirit: not to blame others, but to constrain himself. It was not to blame, I repeat, that he held these views; for others, he could make a large allowance; and yet he tacitly expected of his friends

and his wife a high standard of behaviour. Nor was it always easy to wear the armour of that ideal.

Acting upon these beliefs; conceiving that he had indeed 'given himself' (in the full meaning of these words) for better, for worse; painfully alive to his defects of temper and deficiency in charm; resolute to make up for these; thinking last of himself: Fleeming was in some ways the very man to have made a noble, uphill fight of an unfortunate marriage. In other ways, it is true he was one of the most unfit for such a trial. And it was his beautiful destiny to remain to the last hour the same absolute and romantic lover, who had shown to his new bride the flag-draped vessels in the Mersey. No fate is altogether easy; but trials are our touchstone, trials overcome our reward; and it was given to Fleeming to conquer. It was given to him to live for another, not as a task, but till the end as an enchanting pleasure. 'People may write novels,' he wrote in 1869, 'and other people may write poems, but not a man or woman among them can write to say how happy a man may be, who is desperately in love with his wife after ten

years of marriage.' And again in 1885, after more than twenty-six years of marriage, and within but five weeks of his death: 'Your first letter from Bournemouth,' he wrote, 'gives me heavenly pleasure—for which I thank Heaven and you too—who are my heaven on earth.' The mind hesitates whether to say that such a man has been more good or more fortunate.

Any woman (it is the defect of her sex) comes sooner to the stable mind of maturity than any man; and Jenkin was to the end of a most deliberate growth. In the next chapter, when I come to deal with his telegraphic voyages and give some taste of his correspondence, the reader will still find him at twenty-five an arrant schoolboy. His wife besides was more thoroughly educated than he. In many ways she was able to teach him, and he proud to be taught; in many ways she outshone him, and he delighted to be outshone. All these superiorities, and others that, after the manner of lovers, he no doubt forged for himself, added as time went on to the humility of his original love. Only once, in all I know of his career, did he show a touch of smallness. He could not learn to sing cor-

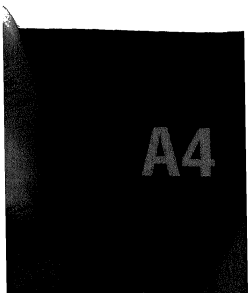
rectly; his wife told him so and desisted from her lessons; and the mortification was so sharply felt that for years he could not be induced to go to a concert, instanced himself as a typical man without an ear, and never sang again. I tell it; for the fact that this stood singular in his behaviour, and really amazed all who knew him, is the happiest way I can imagine to commend the tenor of his simplicity; and because it illustrates his feeling for his wife. Others were always welcome to laugh at him; if it amused them, or if it amused him, he would proceed undisturbed with his occupation, his vanity invulnerable. With his wife it was different: his wife had laughed at his singing; and for twenty years the fibre ached. Nothing, again, was more notable than the formal chivalry of this unmannered man to the person on earth with whom he was the most familiar. He was conscious of his own innate and often rasping vivacity and roughness and he was never forgetful of his first visit to the Austins and the vow he had registered on his return. There was thus an artificial element in his punctilio that at times might almost raise a smile. But it stood on noble grounds; for

this was how he sought to shelter from his own petulance the woman who was to him the symbol of the household and to the end the beloved of his youth.

I wish in this chapter to chronicle small beer; taking a hasty glance at some ten years of married life and of professional struggle; and reserving till the next all the more interesting matter of his cruises. Of his achievements and their worth, it is not for me to speak: his friend and partner, Sir William Thomson, has contributed a note on the subject, which will be found in the Appendix, and to which I must refer the reader. He is to conceive in the meanwhile for himself Fleeming's manifold engagements: his service on the Committee on Electrical Standards, his lectures on electricity at Chatham, his chair at the London University, his partnership with Sir William Thomson and Mr. Varley in many ingenious patents, his growing credit with engineers and men of science; and he is to bear in mind that of all this activity and acquist of reputation, the immediate profit was scanty. Soon after his marriage, Fleeming had left the service of Messrs. Liddell & Gordon,

and entered into a general engineering partnership with Mr. Forde, a gentleman in a good way of business. It was a fortunate partnership in this, that the parties retained their mutual respect unlessened and separated with regret; but men's affairs, like men, have their times of sickness, and by one of these unaccountable variations, for hard upon ten years the business was disappointing and the profits meagre. 'Inditing drafts of German railways which will never get made': it is thus I find Fleeming, not without a touch of bitterness, describe his occupation. Even the patents hung fire at first. There was no salary to rely on; children were coming and growing up; the prospect was often anxious. In the days of his courtship, Fleeming had written to Miss Austin a dissuasive picture of the trials of poverty, assuring her these were no figments but truly bitter to support; he told her this, he wrote, beforehand, so that when the pinch came and she suffered, she should not be disappointed in herself nor tempted to doubt her own magnanimity: a letter of admirable wisdom and solicitude. But now that the trouble came, he bore it very lightly. It was his principle, as

he once prettily expressed it, 'to enjoy each day's happiness, as it arises, like birds or children.' His optimism, if driven out at the door, would come in again by the window; if it found nothing but blackness in the present, would hit upon some ground of consolation in the future or the past. And his courage and energy were indefatigable. In the year 1863, soon after the birth of their first son, they moved into a cottage at Claygate near Esher; and about this time, under manifold troubles both of money and health, I find him writing from abroad: 'The country will give us, please God, health and strength. I will love and cherish you more than ever, you shall go where you wish, you shall receive whom you wish—and as for money you shall have that too. I cannot be mistaken. I have now measured myself with many men. I do not feel weak, I do not feel that I shall fail. In many things I have succeeded, and I will in this. And meanwhile the time of waiting, which, please Heaven, shall not be long, shall also not be so bitter. Well, well, I promise much, and do not know at this moment how you and the dear child



are. If he is but better, courage, my girl, for I see light.'

This cottage at Claygate stood just without the village, well surrounded with trees and commanding a pleasant view. A piece of the garden was turfed over to form a croquet green, and Fleeming became (I need scarce say) a very ardent player. He grew ardent, too, in gardening. This he took up at first to please his wife, having no natural inclination; but he had no sooner set his hand to it, than, like everything else he touched, it became with him a passion. He budded roses, he potted cuttings in the coach-house; if there came a change of weather at night, he would rise out of bed to protect his favourites; when he was thrown with a dull companion, it was enough for him to discover in the man a fellow gardener; on his travels, he would go out of his way to visit nurseries and gather hints; and to the end of his life, after other occupations prevented him putting his own hand to the spade, he drew up a yearly programme for his gardener, in which all details were regulated. He had begun by this time to write. His paper on Darwin, which had the

merit of convincing on one point the philosopher himself, had indeed been written before this in London lodgings; but his pen was not idle at Claygate; and it was here he wrote (among other things) that review of '*Fecundity, Fertility, Sterility, and Allied Topics*,' which Dr. Matthews Duncan prefixed by way of introduction to the second edition of the work. The mere act of writing seems to cheer the vanity of the most incompetent; but a correction accepted by Darwin, and a whole review borrowed and reprinted by Matthews Duncan, are compliments of a rare strain, and to a man still unsuccessful must have been precious indeed. There was yet a third of the same kind in store for him; and when Munro himself owned that he had found instruction in the paper on Lucretius, we may say that Fleeming had been crowned in the capitol of reviewing.

Croquet, charades, Christmas magic lanterns for the village children, an amateur concert or a review article in the evening; plenty of hard work by day; regular visits to meetings of the British Association, from one of which I find him characteristically writing: 'I cannot say

that I have had any amusement yet, but I am enjoying the dulness and dry bustle of the whole thing'; occasional visits abroad on business, when he would find the time to glean (as I have said) gardening hints for himself, and old folk-songs or new fashions of dress for his wife; and the continual study and care of his children: these were the chief elements of his life. Nor were friends wanting. Captain and Mrs. Jenkin, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Clerk Maxwell, Miss Bell of Manchester, and others came to them on visits. Mr. Hertslet of the Foreign Office, his wife and his daughter, were neighbours and proved kind friends; in 1867 the Howitts came to Claygate and sought the society of 'the two bright, clever young people';[1] and in a house close by, Mr. Frederick Ricketts came to live with his family. Mr. Ricketts was a valued friend during his short life; and when he was lost with every circumstance of heroism in the *La Plata*, Fleeming mourned him sincerely.

I think I shall give the best idea of Fleeming

[1] *Reminiscences of My Later Life*, by Mary Howitt *Good Words*, May 1886.

in this time of his early married life, by a few sustained extracts from his letters to his wife, while she was absent on a visit in 1864.

'*Nov.* 11.—Sunday was too wet to walk to Isleworth, for which I was sorry, so I staid and went to Church and thought of you at Ardwick all through the Commandments, and heard Dr. —— expound in a remarkable way a prophecy of St. Paul's about Roman Catholics, which *mutatis mutandis* would do very well for Protestants in some parts. Then I made a little nursery of Borecole and Enfield market cabbage, grubbing in wet earth with leggings and gray coat on. Then I tidied up the coach-house to my own and Christine's admiration. Then encouraged by *bouts-rimés* I wrote you a copy of verses; high time I think; I shall just save my tenth year of knowing my lady-love without inditing poetry or rhymes to her.

'Then I rummaged over the box with my father's letters and found interesting notes from myself. One I should say my first letter, which little Austin I should say would rejoice to see and shall see—with a drawing of a cottage and a spirited "cob." What was more to the pur-

ɔose, I found with it a paste-cutter which Mary ɔegged humbly for Christine and I generously gave this morning.

'Then I read some of Congreve. There are admirable scenes in the manner of Sheridan; all wit and no character, or rather one character in a great variety of situations and scenes. I could show you some scenes, but others are too coarse even for my stomach hardened by a course of French novels.

'All things look so happy for the rain.

'*Nov.* 16.—Verbenas looking well. . . . I am but a poor creature without you; I have naturally no spirit or fun or enterprise in me. Only kind of mechanical capacity for ascertaining whether two really is half four, etc.; but when you are near me I can fancy that I too shine, and vainly suppose it to be my proper light; whereas by my extreme darkness when you are not by, it clearly can only be by a reflected brilliance that I seem aught but dull. Then for the moral part of me: if it were not for you and little Odden, I should feel by no means sure that I had any affection power in me. . . . Even the muscular me suffers a sad deteriora-

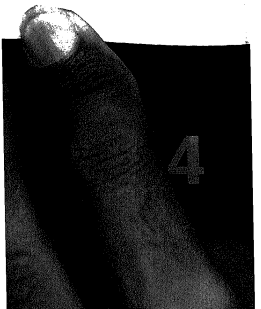
tion in your absence. I don't get up when I ought to, I have snoozed in my chair after dinner; I do not go in at the garden with my wonted vigour, and feel ten times as tired as usual with a walk in your absence; so you see, when you are not by, I am a person without ability, affections or vigour, but droop dull, selfish, and spiritless; can you wonder that I love you?

'*Nov.* 17.—. . . I am very glad we married young. I would not have missed these five years, no, not for any hopes; they are my own.

'*Nov.* 30.—I got through my Chatham lecture very fairly though almost all my apparatus went astray. I dined at the mess, and got home to Isleworth the same evening; your father very kindly sitting up for me.

'*Dec.* 1.—Back at dear Claygate. Many cuttings flourish, especially those which do honour to your hand. Your Californian annuals are up and about. Badger is fat, the grass green. . . .

'*Dec.* 3.—Odden will not talk of you, while you are away, having inherited, as I suspect, his father's way of declining to consider a subject which is painful, as your absence is. . . . I cer-



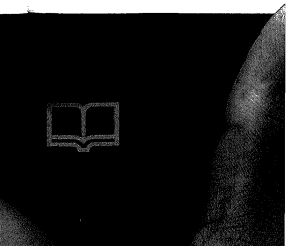
tainly should like to learn Greek and I think it would be a capital pastime for the long winter evenings. . . . How things are misrated! I declare croquet is a noble occupation compared to the pursuits of business men As for so-called idleness—that is, one form of it—I vow it is the noblest aim of man. When idle, one can love, one can be good, feel kindly to all, devote oneself to others, be thankful for existence, educate one's mind, one's heart, one's body. When busy, as I am busy now or have been busy to-day, one feels just as you sometimes felt when you were too busy, owing to want of servants.

'*Dec.* 5.—On Sunday I was at Isleworth, chiefly engaged in playing with Odden. We had the most enchanting walk together through the brickfields. It was very muddy, and, as he remarked, not fit for Nanna, but fit for us *men*. The dreary waste of bared earth, thatched sheds and standing water, was a paradise to him; and when we walked up planks to deserted mixing and crushing mills, and actually saw where the clay was stirred with long iron prongs, and chalk or lime ground with "a tind of a mill,"

his expression of contentment and triumphant heroism knew no limit to its beauty. Of course on returning I found Mrs. Austin looking out at the door in an anxious manner, and thinking we had been out quite long enough. . . . I am reading Don Quixote chiefly and am his fervent admirer, but I am so sorry he did not place his affections on a Dulcinea of somewhat worthier stamp. In fact I think there must be a mistake about it. Don Quixote might and would serve his lady in most preposterous fashion, but I am sure he would have chosen a lady of merit. He imagined her to be such no doubt, and drew a charming picture of her occupations by the banks of the river; but in his other imaginations, there was some kind of peg on which to hang the false costumes he created; windmills are big, and wave their arms like giants; sheep in the distance are somewhat like an army; a little boat on the river-side must look much the same whether enchanted or belonging to millers; but except that Dulcinea is a woman, she bears no resemblance at all to the damsel of his imagination.'

At the time of these letters, the oldest son

only was born to them. In September of the next year, with the birth of the second, Charles Frewen, there befell Fleeming a terrible alarm and what proved to be a lifelong misfortune. Mrs. Jenkin was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill; Fleeming ran a matter of two miles to fetch the doctor, and drenched with sweat as he was, returned with him at once in an open gig. On their arrival at the house, Mrs. Jenkin half unconsciously took and kept hold of her husband's hand. By the doctor's orders, windows and doors were set open to create a thorough draught, and the patient was on no account to be disturbed. Thus, then, did Fleeming pass the whole of that night, crouching on the floor in the draught, and not daring to move lest he should wake the sleeper. He had never been strong; energy had stood him instead of vigour; and the result of that night's exposure was flying rheumatism varied by settled sciatica. Sometimes it quite disabled him, sometimes it was less acute; but he was rarely free from it until his death. I knew him for many years; for more than ten we were closely intimate; I have lived with him for weeks; and during all



this time, he only once referred to his infirmity and then perforce as an excuse for some trouble he put me to, and so slightly worded that I paid no heed. This is a good measure of his courage under sufferings of which none but the untried will think lightly. And I think it worth noting how this optimist was acquainted with pain. It will seem strange only to the superficial. The disease of pessimism springs never from real troubles, which it braces men to bear, which it delights men to bear well. Nor does it readily spring at all, in minds that have conceived of life as a field of ordered duties, not as a chase in which to hunt for gratifications. 'We are not here to be happy, but to be good'; I wish he had mended the phrase: 'We are not here to be happy, but to try to be good,' comes nearer the modesty of truth. With such old-fashioned morality, it is possible to get through life, and see the worst of it, and feel some of the worst of it, and still acquiesce piously and even gladly in man's fate. Feel some of the worst of it, I say; for some of the rest of the worst is, by this simple faith, excluded.

It was in the year 1868, that the clouds finally

rose. The business in partnership with Mr Forde began suddenly to pay well; about the same time the patents showed themselves a valuable property; and but a little after, Fleeming was appointed to the new chair of engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Thus, almost at once, pecuniary embarrassments passed for ever out of his life. Here is his own epilogue to the time at Claygate, and his anticipations of the future in Edinburgh.

'. . . . The dear old house at Claygate is not let and the pretty garden a mass of weeds. I feel rather as if we had behaved unkindly to them. We were very happy there, but now that it is over I am conscious of the weight of anxiety as to money which I bore all the time. With you in the garden, with Austin in the coach-house, with pretty songs in the little, low white room, with the moonlight in the dear room up-stairs, ah, it was perfect; but the long walk, wondering, pondering, fearing, scheming, and the dusty jolting railway, and the horrid fusty office with its endless disappointments, they are well gone. It is well enough to fight and scheme and bustle about in the eager crowd

here [in London] for a while now and then, but not for a lifetime. What I have now is just perfect. Study for winter, action for summer, lovely country for recreation, a pleasant town for talk. . . . .'

CHAPTER V.

NOTES OF TELEGRAPH VOYAGES, 1858 TO 1873.

BUT it is now time to see Jenkin at his life's work. I have before me certain imperfect series of letters written, as he says, 'at hazard, for one does not know at the time what is important and what is not': the earlier addressed to Miss Austin, after the betrothal; the later to Mrs. Jenkin the young wife. I should premise that I have allowed myself certain editorial freedoms, leaving out and splicing together much as he himself did with the Bona cable: thus edited the letters speak for themselves, and will fail to interest none who love adventure or activity. Addressed as they were to her whom he called his 'dear engineering pupil,' they give a picture of his work so clear that a child may understand, and so attractive that I am half afraid their publication may prove harmful, and still further crowd the ranks of a profession already overcrowded. But their most engaging quality is the picture of the writer; with his indomi-

table self-confidence and courage, his readiness in every pinch of circumstance or change of plan, and his ever fresh enjoyment of the whole web of human experience, nature, adventure, science, toil and rest, society and solitude. It should be borne in mind that the writer of these buoyant pages was, even while he wrote, harassed by responsibility, stinted in sleep and often struggling with the prostration of sea-sickness. To this last enemy, which he never overcame, I have omitted, in my search after condensation, a good many references; if they were all left, such was the man's temper, they would not represent one hundredth part of what he suffered, for he was never given to complaint. But indeed he had met this ugly trifle, as he met every thwart circumstance of life, with a certain pleasure of pugnacity; and suffered it not to check him, whether in the exercise of his profession or the pursuit of amusement.

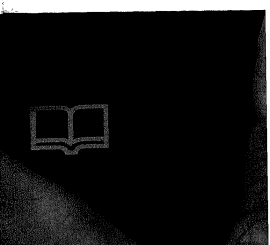
I.

'Birkenhead: April 18, 1858.

'Well, you should know, Mr. —— having a contract to lay down a submarine telegraph

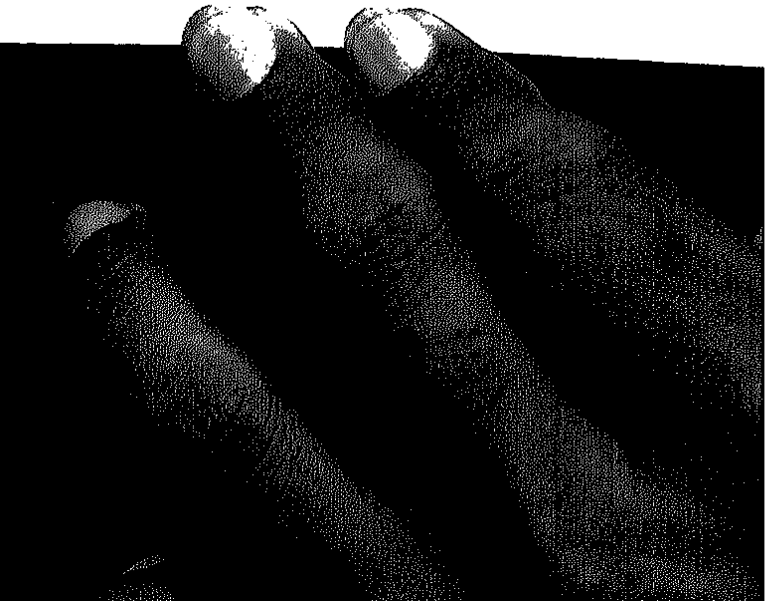
from Sardinia to Africa failed three times in the attempt. The distance from land to land is about 140 miles. On the first occasion, after proceeding some 70 miles, he had to cut the cable—the cause I forget; he tried again, same result; then picked up about 20 miles of the lost cable, spliced on a new piece, and very nearly got across that time, but ran short of cable, and when but a few miles off Galita in very deep water, had to telegraph to London for more cable to be manufactured and sent out whilst he tried to stick to the end: for five days, I think, he lay there sending and receiving messages, but heavy weather coming on the cable parted and Mr. —— went home in despair—at least I should think so.

'He then applied to those eminent engineers, R. S. Newall & Co., who made and laid down a cable for him last autumn—Fleeming Jenkin (at the time in considerable mental agitation) having the honour of fitting out the *Elba* for that purpose.' [On this occasion, the *Elba* has no cable to lay; but] 'is going out in the beginning of May to endeavour to fish up the cables Mr. —— lost. There are two ends at or

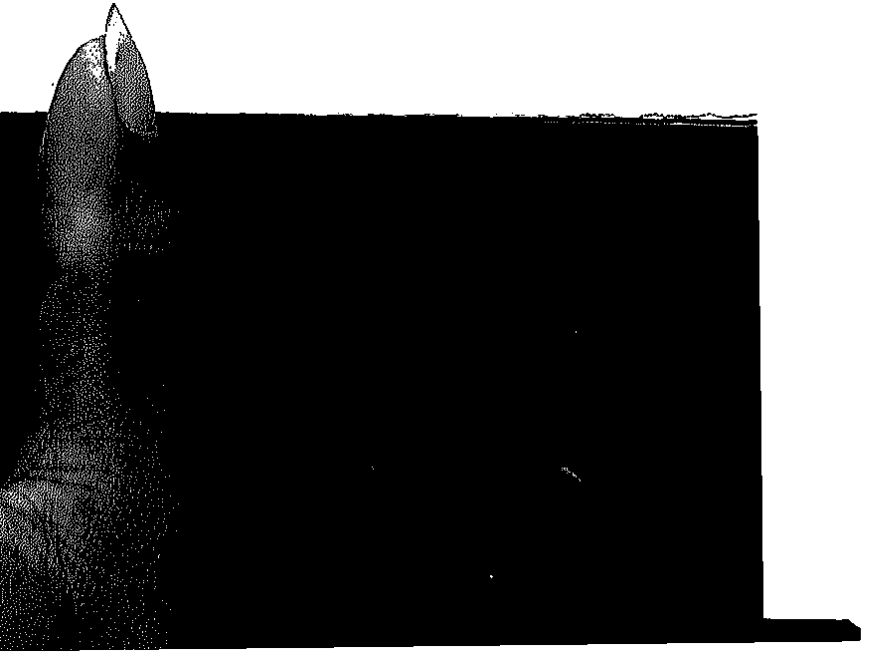


sheave at the bows, passed six times round the big barrel or drum; which will be turned round by a steam engine on deck, and thus wind up the cable, while the *Elba* slowly steams ahead. The cable is not wound round and round the drum as your silk is wound on its reel, but on the contrary never goes round more than six times, going off at one side as it comes on at the other, and going down into the hold of the *Elba* to be coiled along in a big coil or skein.

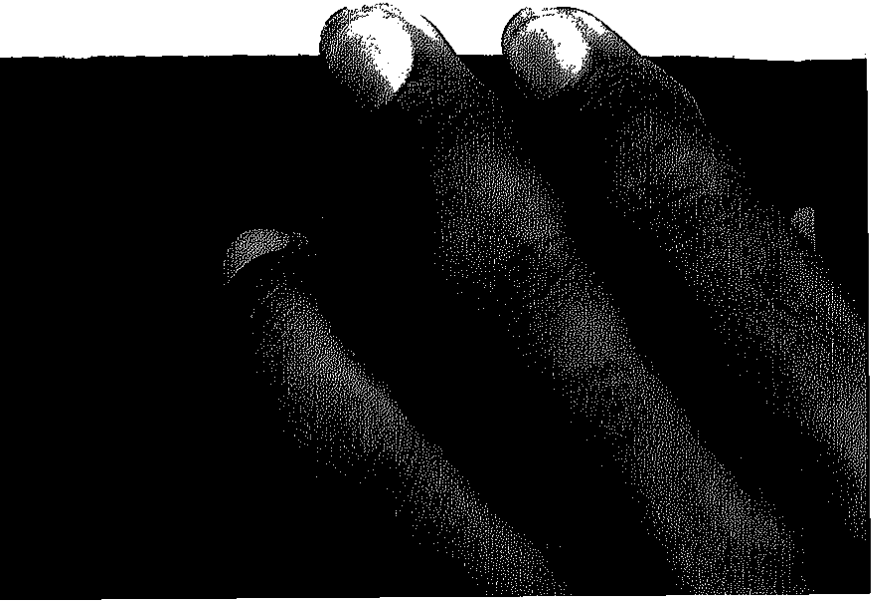
'I went down to Gateshead to discuss with Mr. Newall the form which this tolerably simple idea should take, and have been busy since I came here drawing, ordering, and putting up the machinery—uninterfered with, thank goodness, by any one. I own I like responsibility; it flatters one and then, your father might say, I have more to gain than to lose. Moreover I do like this bloodless, painless combat with wood and iron, forcing the stubborn rascals to do my will, licking the clumsy cubs into an active shape, seeing the child of to-day's thought



By dint of bribing, bullying, cajoling, and go-
ng day by day to see the state of things or-
lered, all my work is very nearly ready now;
out those who have neglected these precautions
re of course disappointed. Five hundred fath-
oms of chain [were] ordered by —— some three
weeks since, to be ready by the 10th without
ail; he sends for it to-day—150 fathoms all
hey can let us have by the 15th—and how the
est is to be got, who knows? He ordered a
oat a month since and yesterday we could see
nothing of her but the keel and about two
planks. I could multiply instances without
end. At first one goes nearly mad with vexa-
ion at these things; but one finds so soon that
hey are the rule, that then it becomes necessary
o feign a rage one does not feel. I look upon
t as the natural order of things, that if I order
a thing, it will not be done—if by accident it
gets done, it will certainly be done wrong: the
only remedy being to watch the performance at
every stage.



by a belt or strap of leather. I always had my doubts this might slip; and so it did, wildly. I had made provision for doubling it, putting on two belts instead of one. No use—off they went, slipping round and off the pulleys instead of driving the machinery. Tighten them—no use. More strength there—down with the lever—smash something, tear the belts, but get them tight—now then, stand clear, on with the steam;—and the belts slip away as if nothing held them. Men begin to look queer; the circle of quidnuncs make sage remarks. Once more—no use. I begin to know I ought to feel sheepish and beat, but somehow I feel cocky instead. I laugh and say, "Well, I am bound to break something down"—and suddenly see. "Oho, there's the place; get weight on there, and the belt won't slip." With much labour, on go the belts again. "Now then, a spar thro' there and six men's weight on; mind you're not carried away."—"Ay, ay, sir." But evidently no one believes in the plan. "Hur-



s or such as this (not always quite so bad)
hour after hour, while five hundred tons
are rattling down into the holds and
, riveters are making their infernal row
d, and riggers bend the sails and fit the
:—a sort of Pandemonium, it appeared
g Mrs. Newall, who was here on Mon-
half-choked with guano; but it suits the
me.

'S.S. *Elba*, River Mersey: May 17.

are delayed in the river by some of the
apers not being ready. Such a scene at
ck gates. Not a sailor will join till the
oment; and then, just as the ship forges
through the narrow pass, beds and bag-
y on board, the men half tipsy clutch at
gging, the captain swears, the women
and sob, the crowd cheer and laugh,
ne or two pretty little girls stand still and
right, regardless of all eyes.

ese two days of comparative peace have
et me on my legs again. I was getting

went ashore and I came on board, t
three cheers, whether for me or the sh
ly know, but I had just bid them good
the ship was out of hail; but I was sta
hardly liked to claim the complimer
knowledging it.

'S.S. *Elba*

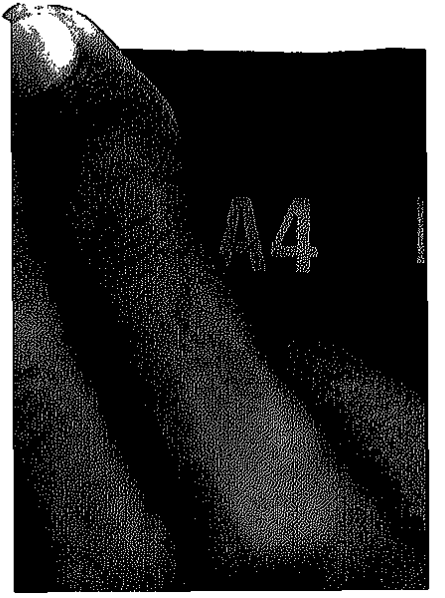
'My first intentions of a long jou
been fairly frustrated by sea-sickness.
day last about noon we started from t
in very dirty weather, and were hard
the river when we met a gale from t
west and a heavy sea, both right in o
and the poor *Elba* had a sad shaking
not been very sea-sick, the sight wo
been exciting enough, as I sat wrapp
oilskins on the bridge; [but] in spite
efforts to talk, to eat, and to grin, I
lapsed into imbecility; and I was heart
ful towards evening to find myself in b

'Next morning, I fancied it grew qu

Holyhead, but I could neither read nor
or draw. The captain of another steamer
had put in came on board, and we all went
alk on the hill; and in the evening there
exchange of presents. We gave some
I think, and received a cat, two pounds
butter, a Cumberland ham, *Westward*
nd Thackeray's *English Humourists*. I
onished at receiving two such fair books
he captain of a little coasting screw. Our
said he [the captain of the screw]
enty of money, five or six hundred a
least.—"What in the world makes him
ling about in such a craft, then?"
ay, I fancy he's reckless; he's desperate
with that girl I mentioned, and she
look at him." Our honest, fat, old cap-
ys this very grimly in his thick, broad

head won't stand much writing yet, so I
n up and take a look at the blue night
the coast of Portugal.

part purser, part telegraph clerk, part generally useful person. A—— was a great comfort during the miseries [of the gale]; for when with a dead head wind and a heavy sea, plates, books, papers, stomachs were being rolled about in sad confusion, we generally managed to lie on our backs, and grin, and try discordant staves of the *Flowers of the Forest* and the *Low-backed Car*. We could sing and laugh, when we could do nothing else; though A—— was ready to swear after each fit was past, that that was the first time he had felt anything, and at this moment would declare in broad Scotch that he'd never been sick at all, qualifying the oath with "except for a minute now and then." He brought a cornet-à-piston to practice on, having had three weeks' instructions on that melodious instrument; and if you could hear the horrid sounds that come! especially at heavy rolls. When I hint he is not improving, there comes a confession: "I don't feel quite right yet, you see!" But he blows away manfully, and in self-defence I try to roar the tune louder.

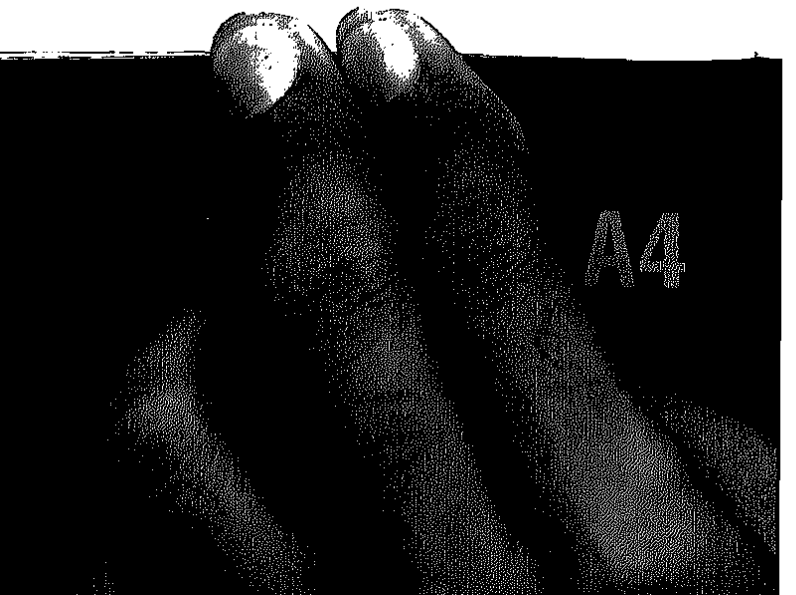


in a calm moonlight, with porpoises
ing from the sea, the men crooning long
s as they lay idle on the forecastle and the
apping uncertain on the yards. As we
, there came a sudden breeze from land,
d heavy scented; and now as I write its
rich flavour contrasts strongly with the
we have been breathing.

paced the deck with H——, the second
and in the quiet night drew a confession
e was engaged to be married, and gave
world of good advice. He is a very nice,
little fellow, with a broad Scotch tongue
dirty, little rascal" appearance. He had
lisappointment at starting. Having been
mate on the last voyage, when the first
vas discharged, he took charge of the *Elba*
time she was in port, and of course looked
d to being chief mate this trip. Liddell
ed him the post. He had not authority
his; and when Newall heard of it, he ap-
d another man. Fancy poor H—— having

new first mate, had not a certificate which allowed him to have a second mate. Then came rather an affecting scene. For H—— proposed to sign as chief (he having the necessary higher certificate) but to act as second for the lower wages. At first O—— would not give in, but offered to go as second. But our brave little H—— said, no: "The owners wished Mr. O—— to be chief mate, and chief mate he should be." So he carried the day, signed as chief and acts as second. Shakespeare and Byron are his favourite books. I walked into Byron a little, but can well understand his stirring up a rough, young sailor's romance. I lent him *Westward Ho* from the cabin; but to my astonishment he did not care much for it; he said it smelt of the shilling railway library; perhaps I had praised it too highly. Scott is his standard for novels. I am very happy to find good taste by no means confined to gentlemen, H—— having no pretensions to that title. He is a man after my own heart.

'Then I came down to the cabin and heard



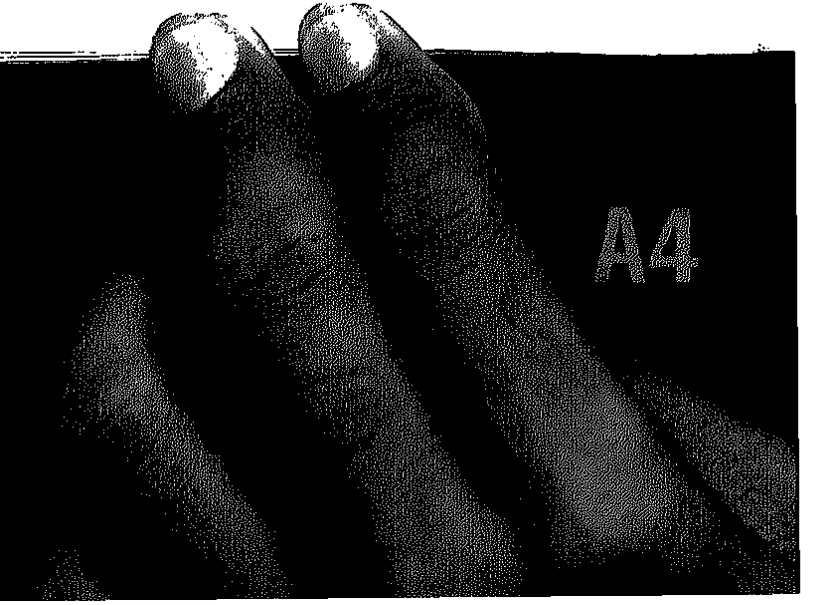
tutor to his Highness's children, and
r, and magistrate, and on his Highness's
staff, and seems to be one of those
venturers one meets with and hears of
rths—raising cavalry, building palaces,
some petty Eastern king's long purse
long Scotch heads.

'Off Bona: June 4

your letter carefully, leaning back in
boat to present the smallest surface of
to a grilling sun, and sailing from the
ape Hamrah about three miles distant.
ried and sighed! At last, we reached
r Fort Genova, and I was carried ashore
k, and plucked the first flower I saw for
It was a strange scene, far more novel
d imagined: the high, steep banks cov-
rich, spicy vegetation of which I hard-
one plant. The dwarf palm with fan-
s, growing about two feet high, formed
of the verdure. As we brushed through

with leaves somewhat similar. That large bulb with long flat leaves? Do not touch it if your hands are cut; the Arabs use it as blisters for their horses. Is that the same sort? No, take that one up; it is the bulb of a dwarf palm, each layer of the onion peels off, brown and netted, like the outside of a cocoa-nut. It is a clever plant that; from the leaves we get a vegetable horsehair;—and eat the bottom of the centre spike. All the leaves you pull have the same aromatic scent. But here a little patch of cleared ground shows old friends, who seem to cling by abused civilisation:—fine, hardy thistles, one of them bright yellow, though;—honest, Scotch-looking, large daisies or gowans;—potatoes here and there, looking but sickly; and dark sturdy fig-trees looking cool and at their ease in the burning sun.

'Here we are at Fort Genova, crowning the little point, a small old building, due to my old Genoese acquaintance who fought and traded

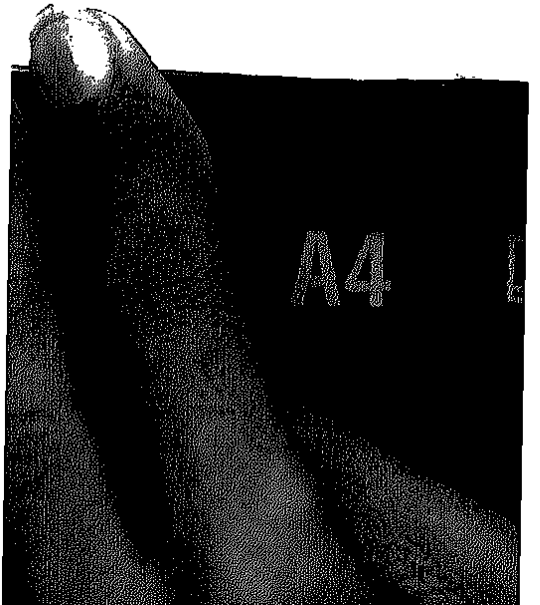


ly once upon a time. A broken cannon
eirs forms the threshold; and through a
low arch, we enter upon broad terraces
ng to the centre, from which rain water
collect and run into that well. Large-
hed French troopers lounge about and are
civil; and the whole party sit down to
fast in a little white-washed room, from
oor of which the long, mountain coastline
he sparkling sea show of an impossible blue
gh the openings of a white-washed ram-
I try a sea-egg, one of those prickly fel-
-sea-urchins, they are called sometimes;
hell is of a lovely purple, and when opened,
are rays of yellow adhering to the inside;
I eat, but they are very fishy.
'e are silent and shy of one another, and
go out to watch while turbaned, blue-
hed, barelegged Arabs dig holes for the
telegraph posts on the following principle:
man takes a pick and bangs lazily at the
earth; when a little is loosened, his mate
a small spade lifts it on one side; and *da*
They have regular features and look quite
ice among the palms. Our English work-

nothing for me to do; and that in fact no one has anything to do. Some instruments for testing have stuck at Lyons, some at Cagliari; and nothing can be done—or at any rate, is done. I wander about, thinking of you and staring at big, green grasshoppers—locusts, some people call them—and smelling the rich brushwood. There was nothing for a pencil to sketch, and I soon got tired of this work, though I have paid willingly much money for far less strange and lovely sights.

'Off Cape Spartivento: June 8.

'At two this morning, we left Cagliari; at five cast anchor here. I got up and began preparing for the final trial; and shortly afterwards everyone else of note on board went ashore to make experiments on the state of the cable, leaving me with the prospect of beginning to lift at 12 o'clock. I was not ready by that time; but the experiments were not concluded and moreover the cable was found to be imbedded some four or five feet in sand, so that the boat

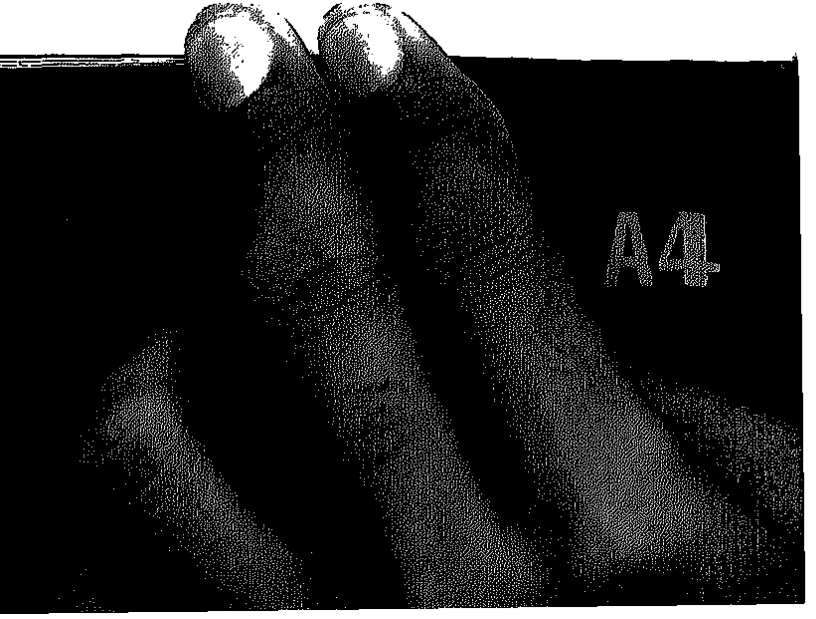


ld not bring off the end. At three, Messrs. ldell, &c., came on board in good spirits, hav- found two wires good or in such a state as mitted messages to be transmitted freely. e boat now went to grapple for the cable ne way from shore while the *Elba* towed a ll lateen craft which was to take back the sul to Cagliari some distance on its way. our return we found the boat had been un- cessful; she was allowed to drop astern, le we grappled for the cable in the *Elba* thout more success]. The coast is a low untain range covered with brushwood or ther—pools of water and a sandy beach at ir feet. I have not yet been ashore, my ds having been very full all day.

'June 9.

Grappling for the cable outside the bank had n voted too uncertain; [and the day was nt in] efforts to pull the cable off through sand which has accumulated over it. By ting the cable tight on to the boat, and let- g the swell pitch her about till it got slack, then tightening again with blocks and pul- s, we managed to get out from the beach

shallowest possible water, this was about sunset. Suddenly someone calls out he sees the cable at the bottom: there it was sure enough, apparently wriggling about as the waves rippled. Great excitement; still greater when we find our own anchor is foul of it and has been the means of bringing it to light. We let go a grapnel, get the cable clear of the anchor on to the grapnel--the captain in an agony lest we should drift ashore meanwhile—hand the grappling line into the big boat, steam out far enough, and anchor again. A little more work and one end of the cable is up over the bows round my drum. I go to my engine and we start hauling in. All goes pretty well, but it is quite dark. Lamps are got at last, and men arranged. We go on for a quarter of a mile or so from shore and then stop at about half-past nine with orders to be up at three. Grand work at last! A number of the *Saturday Review* here; it reads so hot and feverish, so tomblike

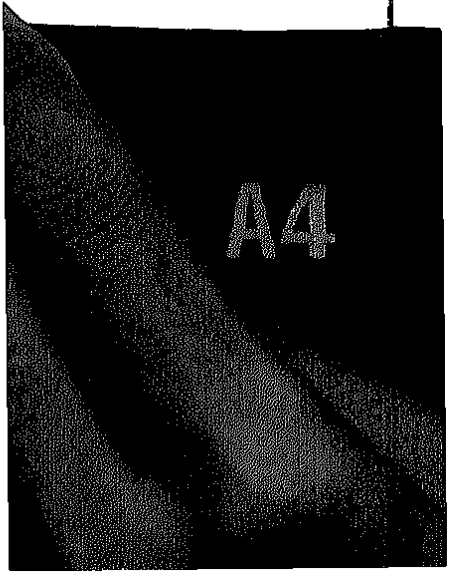


althy, in the midst of dear Nature's
ea, with good wholesome work to do.
all go well to-morrow.

'June 10.

heaven for a most fortunate day. At
ock this morning in a damp, chill mist
were roused to work. With a small
one or two improvements I had seen
cessary last night, the engine started
that time I do not think there has
an hour's stoppage. A rope to splice,
change, a wheel to oil, an old rusted
disengage from the cable which
t up, these have been our only ob-
. Sixty, seventy, eighty, a hundred,
l and twenty revolutions at last, my
ine tears away. The even black rope
aight out of the blue heaving water:
wly round an open-hearted, good-tem-
king pulley, five feet diameter; aft
cious nipper, to bring all up should
go wrong; through a gentle guide; on
bluff drum, who wraps him round his
says "Come you must," as plain as
speak: the chattering pauls say "I've

dozen men put him comfortably to bed after his exertion in rising from his long bath. In good sooth, it is one of the strangest sights I know to see that black fellow rising up so steadily in the midst of the blue sea. We are more than half way to the place where we expect the fault; and already the one wire, supposed previously to be quite bad near the African coast, can be spoken through. I am very glad I am here, for my machines are my own children and I look on their little failings with a parent's eye and lead them into the path of duty with gentleness and firmness. I am naturally in good spirits, but keep very quiet, for misfortunes may arise at any instant; moreover to-morrow my paying-out apparatus will be wanted should all go well, and that will be another nervous operation. Fifteen miles are safely in; but no one knows better than I do that nothing is done till all is done.



men learned in electricity, L—— and ——, squabble where the fault is.

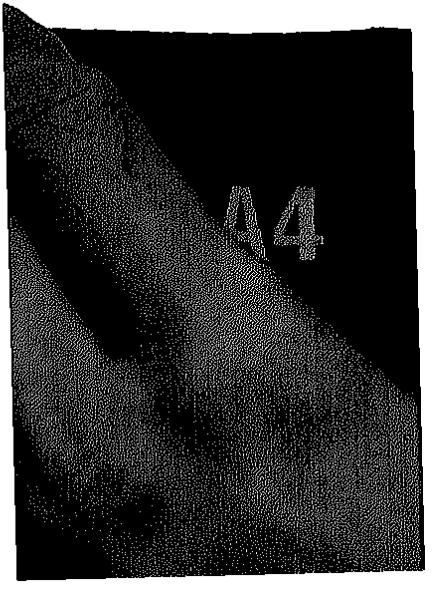
Evening.—A weary day in a hot broiling ; no air. After the experiments, L—— said fault might be ten miles ahead: by that e, we should be according to a chart in about housand fathoms of water—rather more than ile. It was most difficult to decide whether go on or not. I made preparations for a vy pull, set small things to rights and went sleep. About four in the afternoon, Mr. ldell decided to proceed, and we are now (at en) grinding it in at the rate of a mile and ee-quarters per hour, which appears a grand ed to us. If the paying-out only works well! ave just thought of a great improvement in I can't apply it this time, however.—The is of an oily calm, and a perfect fleet of gs and ships surrounds us, their sails hardly ing in the lazy breeze. The sun sets behind dim coast of the Isola San Pietro, the coast Sardinia high and rugged becomes softer and

now and then shows the wires are strained a little, but everyone laughs and makes his little jokes as if it were all in fun: yet we are all as much in earnest as the most earnest of the earnest bastard German school or demonstrative of Frenchmen. I enjoy it very much.

'June 12.

'5.30 A.M.—Out of sight of land: about thirty nautical miles in the hold; the wind rising a little; experiments being made for a fault, while the engine slowly revolves to keep us hanging at the same spot: depth supposed about a mile. The machinery has behaved admirably. Oh! that the paying-out were over! The new machinery there is but rough, meant for an experiment in shallow water, and here we are in a mile of water.

'6.30.—I have made my calculations and find the new paying-out gear cannot possibly answer at this depth, some portion would give way.



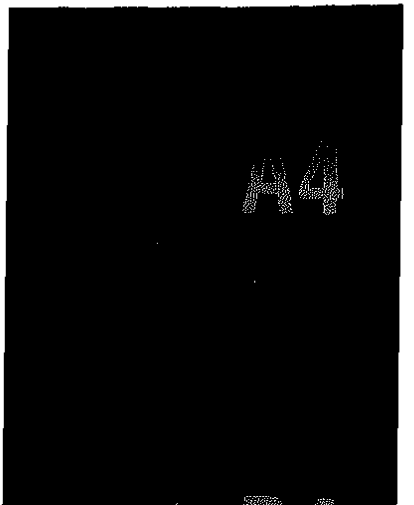
Luckily, I have brought the old things with me and am getting them rigged up as fast as may be. Bad news from the cable. Number four has given in some portion of the last ten miles: the fault in number three is still at the bottom of the sea: number two is now the only good wire; and the hold is getting in such a mess, through keeping bad bits out and cutting for splicing and testing, that there will be great risk in paying out. The cable is somewhat strained in its ascent from one mile below us; what it will be when we get to two miles is a problem we may have to determine.

'9 P.M.—A most provoking unsatisfactory day. We have done nothing. The wind and sea have both risen. Too little notice has been given to the telegraphists who accompany this expedition; they had to leave all their instruments at Lyons in order to arrive at Bona in time; our tests are therefore of the roughest, and no one really knows where the faults are. Mr. L—— in the morning lost much time; then he told us, after we had been inactive for about eight hours, that the fault in number three was within six miles; and at six o'clock in the even-

this time it was too late to begin paying out to-day, and we must lie here moored in a thousand fathoms till light to-morrow morning. The ship pitches a good deal, but the wind is going down.

'June 13, Sunday.

'The wind has not gone down, however. It now (at 10.30) blows a pretty stiff gale, the sea has also risen; and the *Silbut's* bows rise and fall about 9 feet. We make twelve pitches to the minute, and the poor cable must feel very sea-sick by this time. We are quite unable to do anything, and continue riding at anchor in one thousand fathoms, the engines going constantly so as to keep the ship's bows up to the cable, which by this means hangs nearly vertical and sustains no strain but that caused by its own weight and the pitching of the vessel. We were all up at four, but the weather entirely forbade work for to-day, so some went to bed and most lay down, making up our leeway, as we nautically term our loss of sleep. I must say



ldell is a fine fellow and keeps his patience l temper wonderfully; and yet how he does t and fume about trifles at home! This wind s blown now for 36 hours, and yet we have egrams from Bona to say the sea there is as m as a mirror. It makes one laugh to re-mber one is still tied to the shore. Click, ck, click, the pecker is at work: I wonder what rr P—— says to Herr L——, —tests, tests, sts, nothing more. This will be a very anx-s day.

'June 14.

'Another day of fatal inaction.

'June 15.

'9.30.—The wind has gone down a deal; but en now there are doubts whether we shall rt to-day. When shall I get back to you?

'9 P.M.—Four miles from land. Our run has en successful and eventless. Now the work nearly over I feel a little out of spirits—why, should be puzzled to say—mere wantonness, reaction perhaps after suspense.

'June 16.

'Up this morning at three, coupled my self-ting gear to the brake and had the satisfaction

of seeing it pay out the last four miles in very good style. With one or two little improvements, I hope to make it a capital thing. The end has just gone ashore in two boats, three out of four wires good. Thus ends our first expedition. By some odd chance a *Times* of June the 7th has found its way on board through the agency of a wretched old peasant who watches the end of the line here. A long account of breakages in the Atlantic trial trip. To-night we grapple for the heavy cable, eight tons to the mile. I long to have a tug at him; he may puzzle me, and though misfortunes or rather difficulties are a bore at the time, life when working with cables is tame without them.

'2 P.M.—Hurrah, he is hooked, the big fellow, almost at the first cast. He hangs under our bows looking so huge and imposing that I could find it in my heart to be afraid of him.

'June 17.

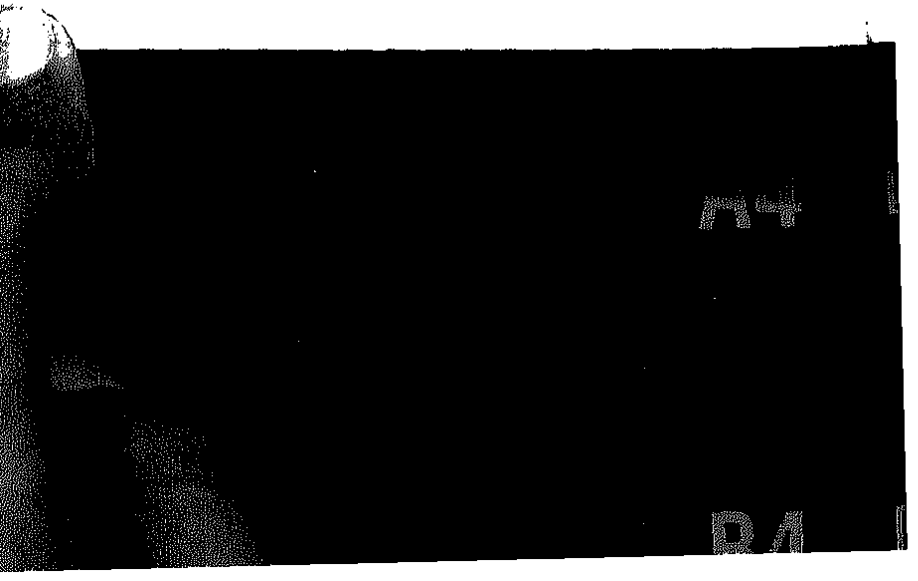
'We went to a little bay called Chia, where a fresh-water stream falls into the sea, and took in water. This is rather a long operation, so I went a walk up the valley with Mr. Liddell

he coast here consists of rocky mountains 800 1,000 feet high covered with shrubs of a rilliant green. On landing our first amuse-ent was watching the hundreds of large fish ho lazily swam in shoals about the river; the ig canes on the further side hold numberless rtoises, we are told, but see none, for just now ey prefer taking a siesta. A little further on, d what is this with large pink flowers in such oundance?—the oleander in full flower. At rst I fear to pluck them, thinking they must e cultivated and valuable; but soon the banks how a long line of thick tall shrubs, one mass of lorious pink and green. Set these in a little val-y, framed by mountains whose rocks gleam out lue and purple colours such as pre-Raphaelites nly dare attempt, shining out hard and weird-ke amongst the clumps of castor-oil plants, istus, arbor vitæ and many other evergreens, hose names, alas! I know not; the cistus is rown now, the rest all deep or brilliant green. arge herds of cattle browse on the baked de-osit at the foot of these large crags. One or wo half-savage herdsmen in sheepskin kilts, &c., sk for cigars; partridges whirr up on either

tivento and make preparations for the morning.

'June 18.

'The big cable is stubborn and will not behave like his smaller brother. The gear employed to take him off the drum is not strong enough; he gets slack on the drum and plays the mischief. Luckily for my own conscience, the gear I had wanted was negatived by Mr. Newall. Mr. Liddell does not exactly blame me, but he says we might have had a silver pulley cheaper than the cost of this delay. He has telegraphed for more men to Cagliari, to try to pull the cable off the drum into the hold, by hand. I look as comfortable as I can, but feel as if people were blaming me. I am trying my best to get something rigged which may help us; I wanted a little difficulty, and feel much better.—The short length we have picked up was covered at places with beautiful sprays of coral, twisted and twined with shells of those



ll, fairy animals we saw in the aquarium at
ie; poor little things, they died at once,
their little bells and delicate bright tints.
2 *o'clock.*—Hurrah, victory! for the present
ow. Whilst in our first dejection, I thought
w a place where a flat roller would remedy
whole misfortune; but a flat roller at Cape
rtivento, hard, easily unshipped, running
y! There was a grooved pulley used for
paying-out machinery with a spindle wheel,
h might suit me. I filled him up with
spunyarn, nailed sheet copper round him,
some parts in the fire; and we are paying-
lthout more trouble now. You would think
e one would praise me; no, no more praise
blame before; perhaps now they think bet-
f me, though.

o P.M.—We have gone on very comfortably
nearly six miles. An hour and a half was
t washing down; for along with many col-
d *polypi, from corals, shells and insects,* the
cable brings up much mud and rust, and
es a fishy smell by no means pleasant: the
m seems to teem with life. But now we
tartled by a most unpleasant, grinding noise;

which appeared at first to come from the large low pulley, but when the engines stopped, the noise continued; and we now imagine it is something slipping down the cable, and the pulley but acts as sounding-board to the big fiddle. Whether it is only an anchor or one of the two other cables, we know not. We hope it is not the cable just laid down.

'June 19.

'10 A.M.—All our alarm groundless, it would appear: the odd noise ceased after a time, and there was no mark sufficiently strong on the large cable to warrant the suspicion that we had cut another line through. I stopped up on the look-out till three in the morning, which made 23 hours between sleep and sleep. One goes dozing about, though, most of the day, for it is only when something goes wrong that one has to look alive. Hour after hour, I stand on the forecastle-head, picking off little specimens of polypi and coral, or lie on the saloon deck reading back numbers of the *Times*—till something hitches, and then all is hurly-burly once more. There are awnings all along the ship, and a most ancient, fish-like smell beneath.

clock.—Suddenly a great strain in only
oms of water—belts surging and general
; grapnels being thrown out in the hope
ing what holds the cable.—Should it
the young cable! We are apparently
g its path—not the working one, but the
ld; Mr. Liddell *would* start the big one
ough it was laid first: he wanted to see
) done, and meant to leave us to the
ne unaided by his presence.
.—Grapnel caught something, lost it
it left its marks on the prongs. Started
gear again; and after hauling in some
oms—grunt, grunt, grunt—we hear the
able slipping down our big one, playing
same tune we heard last night—louder,
r.
.M.—The pull on the deck engines be-
arder and harder. I got steam up in a
on deck, and another little engine starts
at the grapnel. I wonder if there ever
h a scene of confusion: Mr. Liddell and
and the captain all giving orders contra-
&c., on the forecastle; D——, the fore-
our men, the mates, &c., following the

example of our superiors; the ship's engine and boilers below, a 50-horse engine on deck, a boiler 14 feet long on deck beside it, a little steam winch tearing round; a dozen Italians (20 have come to relieve our hands, the men we telegraphed for to Cagliari) hauling at the rope; wiremen, sailors, in the crevices left by ropes and machinery; everything that could swear swearing—I found myself swearing like a trooper at last. We got the unknown difficulty within ten fathoms of the surface; but then the forecastle got frightened that, if it was the small cable which we had got hold of, we should certainly break it by continuing the tremendous and increasing strain. So at last Mr. Liddell decided to stop; cut the big cable, buoying its end; go back to our pleasant watering-place at Chia, take more water and start lifting the small cable. The end of the large one has even now regained its sandy bed; and three buoys—one to grapnel foul of the supposed small cable, two to the big cable—are dipping about on the surface. One more—a flag buoy—will soon follow, and then straight for shore.

'June 20.

t is an ill-wind, &c. I have an unexpected
ortunity of forwarding this engineering let-
for the craft which brought out our Italian
rs must return to Cagliari to-night, as the
cable will take us nearly to Galita, and the
an skipper could hardly find his way from
ce. To-day—Sunday—not much rest. Mr.
dell is at Spartivento telegraphing. We are
hia, and shall shortly go to help our boat's
in getting the small cable on board. We
ped them some time since in order that they
t dig it out of the sand as far as possible.

'June 21.

Yesterday—Sunday as it was—all hands were
at work all day, coaling, watering, and mak-
futile attempt to pull the cable from the
on board through the sand. This attempt
rather silly after the experience we had
d at Cape Spartivento. This morning we
pled, hooked the cable at once, and have
an excellent start. Though I have called
the small cable, it is much larger than the
one.—Here comes a break down and a
one.

'June 22.

'We got over it, however; but it is a warning to me that my future difficulties will arise from parts wearing out. Yesterday the cable was often a lovely sight, coming out of the water one large incrustation of delicate, net-like corals and long, white curling shells. No portion of the dirty black wires was visible; instead we had a garland of soft pink with little scarlet sprays and white enamel intermixed. All was fragile, however, and could hardly be secured in safety; and inexorable iron crushed the tender leaves to atoms. This morning at the end of my watch, about 4 o'clock, we came to the buoys, proving our anticipations right concerning the crossing of the cables. I went to bed for four hours, and on getting up, found a sad mess. A tangle of the six-wire cable hung to the grapnel which had been left buoyed, and the small cable had parted and is lost for the present. Our hauling of the other day must have done the mischief.

'June 23.

'We contrived to get the two ends of the large cable and to pick the short end up. The

g end, leading us seaward, was next put round
drum and a mile of it picked up; but then,
ing another tangle, the end was cut and
yed, and we returned to grapple for the
e-wire cable. All this is very tiresome for
The buoying and dredging are managed
rely by W——, who has had much experi-
in this sort of thing; so I have not enough
lo and get very homesick. At noon the
l freshened and the sea rose so high that we
to run for land and are once more this even
nchored at Chia.

'June 24.

The whole day spent in dredging without
ess. This operation consists in allowing the
to drift slowly across the line where you
et the cable to be, while at the end of a
rope, fast either to the bow or stern, a
nel drags along the ground. This grapnel
small anchor, made like four pot-hooks tied
to back. When the rope gets taut, the
is stopped and the grapnel hauled up to
urface in the hopes of finding the cable on
rongs.—I am much discontented with my-
for idly lounging about and reading *West-*

ward Ho for the second time, instead of taking to electricity or picking up nautical information. I am uncommonly idle. The sea is not quite so rough, but the weather is squally and the rain comes in frequent gusts.

'June 25.

'To-day about 1 o'clock we hooked the three-wire cable, buoyed the long sea end, and picked up the short [or shore] end. Now it is dark and we must wait for morning before lifting the buoy we lowered to-day and proceeding seawards.—The depth of water here is about 600 feet, the height of a respectable English hill; our fishing line was about a quarter of a mile long. It blows pretty fresh, and there is a great deal of sea.

'26th.

'This morning it came on to blow so heavily that it was impossible to take up our buoy. The *Ilha* recommenced rolling in true Baltic style and towards noon we run for land.

'27th, Sunday.

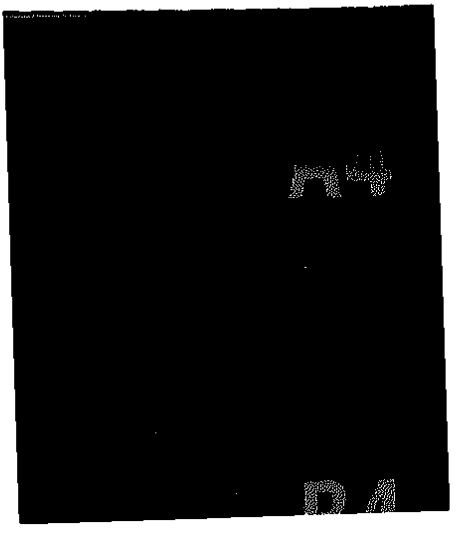
'This morning was a beautiful calm. We reached the buoys at about 4.30 and com-

ed picking up at 6.30. Shortly a new
of anxiety arose. Kinks came up in
quantities, about thirty in the hour. To
a true conception of a kink, you must see
it is a loop drawn tight, all the wires get
ed and the gutta-percha inside pushed out.
e much diminish the value of the cable, as
must all be cut out, the gutta-percha made
and the cable spliced. They arise from
able having been badly laid down so that
ns folds and tails at the bottom of the sea.
e kinks have another disadvantage: they
en the cable very much.—At about six
k [P.M.] we had some twelve miles lifted,
I went to the bows; the kinks were ex-
ngly tight and were giving way in a most
ing manner. I got a cage rigged up to
nt the end (if it broke) from hurting any-
and sat down on the bowsprit, thinking I
d describe kinks to Annie:—suddenly I
great many coils and kinks altogether at
rface. I jumped to the gutta-percha pipe,
owing through which the signal is given to
the engine. I blow, but the engine does
top; again—no answer: the coils and kinks

pipe and melted it. It had been used hundreds of times in the last few days and gave no symptoms of failing. I believe the cable must have gone at any rate; however, since it went in my watch and since I might have secured the tubing more strongly, I feel rather sad. . . . .

'June 28.

'Since I could not go to Annie I took down Shakespeare, and by the time I had finished *Antony and Cleopatra*, read the second half of *Troilus* and got some way in *Coriolanus*, I felt it was childish to regret the accident had happened in my watch, and moreover I felt myself not much to blame in the tubing matter it had been torn down, it had not fallen down; so I went to bed, and slept without fretting, and woke this morning in the same good mood for which thank you and our friend Shakespeare. I am happy to say Mr. Liddell said the loss of the cable did not much matter;



this would have been no consolation
elt myself to blame.—This morning we
applied for and found another length of
ble which Mr. —— dropped in 100 fath-
water. If this also gets full of kinks, we
obably have to cut it after 10 miles or
nore probably still it will part of its own
or weight.

.M.—This second length of three-wire
on got into the same condition as its
-i. e. came up twenty kinks an hour—
er seven miles were in, parted on the
ver the bows at one of the said kinks;
ny watch again, but this time no earthly
could have saved it. I had taken all
of precautions to prevent the end do-
damage when the smash came, for come
it must. We now return to the six-wire
As I sat watching the cable to-night,
nosphorescent globes kept rolling from
ding in the black water.

'29th.

ay we returned to the buoy we had left
nd of the six-wire cable, and after much
from a series of tangles, got a fair start

at noon. You will easily believe a tangle of iron rope inch and a half diameter is not easy to unravel, especially with a ton or so hanging to the ends. It is now eight o'clock and we have about six and a half miles safe: it becomes very exciting, however, for the kinks are coming fast and furious.

'July 2.

'Twenty-eight miles safe in the hold. The ship is now so deep, that the men are to be turned out of their aft hold, and the remainder coiled there; so the good *Elba's* nose need not burrow too far into the waves. There can only be about 10 or 12 miles more, but these weigh 80 or 100 tons.

'July 5.

'Our first mate was much hurt in securing a buoy on the evening of the 2nd. As interpreter [with the Italians] I am useful in all these cases; but for no fortune would I be a doctor to witness these scenes continually. Pain is a terrible thing.—Our work is done: the whole of the six-wire cable has been recovered; only a small part of the three-wire, but that wire was bad and, owing to its twisted state, the value

We may therefore be said to have been successful.'

II.

ive given this cruise nearly in full. From otes, unhappily imperfect, of two others, I ake only specimens; for in all there are es of similarity and it is possible to have uch even of submarine telegraphy and the ice of engineering. And first from the of 1859 in the Greek Islands and to Al-dria, take a few traits, incidents and pic-

' May 10, 1859.

e had a fair wind and we did very well, a little bit of Cerig or Cythera, and lots rtle-doves wandering about over the sea erching, tired and timid, in the rigging of ttle craft. Then Falconera, Antimilo, and topped with huge white clouds, barren, ed, rising bold and mysterious from the chafing sea; — Argentiera, Siphano, Sea-Paros, Antiparos, and late at night Syra it-*Adam Bede* in one hand, a sketch-book in

the other, lying on rugs under an awning, I enjoyed a very pleasant day.

'May 14.

'Syra is semi-eastern. The pavement, huge shapeless blocks sloping to a central gutter; from this bare two-storied houses, sometimes plaster many coloured, sometimes rough-hewn marble, rise, dirty and ill-finished to straight, plain, flat roofs; shops guiltless of windows, with signs in Greek letters; dogs, Greeks in blue, baggy, Zouave breeches and a fez, a few narghilehs and a sprinkling of the ordinary continental shopboys. In the evening I tried one more walk in Syra with A——, but in vain endeavoured to amuse myself or to spend money; the first effort resulting in singing *Doodah* to a passing Greek or two, the second in spending, no, in making A—— spend, threepence on coffee for three.

'May 16.

'On coming on deck, I found we were at anchor in Canea bay, and saw one of the most lovely sights man could witness. Far on either hand stretch bold mountain capes, Spada and Maleka, tender in colour, bold in outline; rich

levels lie beneath them, framed by the sea. Right in front, a dark brown for- girdles white mosques and minarets. Rich reen, our mountain capes here join to form ing for the town, in whose dark walls— arker—open a dozen high-arched caves in the huge Venetian galleys used to lie in High above all, higher and higher yet, o the firmament, range after range of blue now-capped mountains. I was bewildered nazed, having heard nothing of this great y. The town when entered is quite east- The streets are formed of open stalls un- e first story, in which squat tailors, cooks, t vendors and the like, busy at their work oking narghilehs. Cloths stretched from to house keep out the sun. Mules rattle gh the crowd; curs yelp between your legs; s are as hideous and bright clothed as grave Turks with long chibouques con- to march solemnly without breaking a little Arab in one dirty rag pokes fun splendid little Turks with brilliant fezzes; mountaineers in dirty, full, white kilts, dering long guns and one hand on their

pistols, stalk untamed past a dozen Turkish soldiers, who look sheepish and brutal in worn cloth jacket and cotton trousers. A headless, wingless lion of St. Mark still stands upon a gate, and has left the mark of his strong clutch. Of ancient times when Crete was Crete, not a trace remains; save perhaps in the full, well-cut nostril and firm tread of that mountaineer, and I suspect that even his sires were Albanians, mere outer barbarians.

'May 17.

'I spent the day at the little station where the cable was landed, which has apparently been first a Venetian monastery and then a Turkish mosque. At any rate the big dome is very cool, and the little ones hold [our electric] batteries capitally. A handsome young Bashibazouk guards it, and a still handsomer mountaineer is the servant; so I draw them and the monastery and the hill, till I'm black in the face with heat and come on board to hear the Canea cable is still bad.

'May 23.

'We arrived in the morning at the east end of Candia, and had a glorious scramble over

ountains which seem built of adamant.
as worn away the softer portions of the
nly leaving sharp jagged edges of steel.
gles soaring above our heads; old tanks,
and desolation at our feet. The ancient
e stood here; a few blocks of marble
ie cross attest the presence of Venetian
ns; but now—the desolation of deso-

Mr. Liddell and I separated from the
d when we had found a sure bay for the
ad a tremendous lively scramble back to
at. These are the bits of our life which
, which have some poetry, some gran-
them.

'May 29 (?).

terday we ran round to the new harbour
exandria], landed the shore end of the
lose to Cleopatra's bath, and made a
tisfactory start about one in the after-
We had scarcely gone 200 yards when I
that the cable ceased to run out, and I
ed why the ship had stopped. People
to tell me not to put such a strain on
ble; I answered indignantly that there
strain; and suddenly it broke on every

one in the ship at once that we were aground Here was a nice mess. A violent scirocco blew from the land; making one's skin feel as if it belonged to some one else and didn't fit, making the horizon dim and yellow with fine sand, oppressing every sense and raising the thermometer 20 degrees in an hour, but making calm water round us which enabled the ship to lie for the time in safety. The wind might change at any moment, since the scirocco was only accidental; and at the first wave from seaward bump would go the poor ship, and there would [might] be an end of our voyage. The captain, without waiting to sound, began to make an effort to put the ship over what was supposed to be a sandbank; but by the time soundings were made, this was found to be impossible, and he had only been jamming the poor *Elba* faster on a rock. Now every effort was made to get her astern, an anchor taken out, a rope brought to a winch I had for the cable, and the engines backed; but all in vain. A small Turkish Government steamer, which is to be our consort, came to our assistance, but of course very slowly, and much time was occupied before we could

hawser to her. I could do no good after
g made a chart of the soundings round
hip, and went at last on to the bridge to
h the scene. But at that moment the
from the winch and a jerk from the Turk-
eamer got off the boat, after we had been
hours aground. The carpenter reported
she had made only two inches of water in
ompartment; the cable was still uninjured
, and our spirits rose; when, will you be-
it? after going a short distance astern, the
ran us once more fast aground on what
ed to me nearly the same spot. The very
scene was gone through as on the first oc-
, and dark came on whilst the wind shift-
nd we were still aground. Dinner was
l up, but poor Mr. Liddell could eat very
and bump, bump, grind, grind, went the
ifteen or sixteen times as we sat at dinner.
slight sea, however, did enable us to bump
This morning we appear not to have suf-
in any way; but a sea is rolling in, which
hours ago would have settled the poor old

'June —.

'The Alexandria cable has again failed; after *aying out two-thirds of the distance* successlly, an unlucky touch in deep water snapped he line. Luckily the accident occurred in Mr. iddell's watch. Though personally it may not eally concern me, the accident weighs like a ersonal misfortune. Still I am glad I was present: a failure is probably more instructive than success; and this experience may enable us to void misfortune in still greater undertakings.

'June —.

'We left Syra the morning after our arrival n Saturday the 4th. This we did (first) beause we were in a hurry to do something and econd) because, coming from Alexandria, we ad four days' quarantine to perform. We were ll mustered along the side while the doctor ounted us; the letters were popped into a litle tin box and taken away to be smoked; the uardians put on board to see that we held no ommunication with the shore—without them e should still have had four more days' quarntine; and with twelve Greek sailors besides,

tarted merrily enough picking up the Canea
. . . . To our utter dismay, the yarn cov-
began to come up quite decayed, and the
, which when laid should have borne half
, was now in danger of snapping with a
part of that strain. We went as slow as
ible in fear of a break at every instant. My
h was from eight to twelve in the morning,
during that time we had barely secured
miles of cable. Once it broke inside the
but I seized hold of it in time—the weight
hardly anything—and the line for the
e was saved. Regular nooses were then
ed inboard with men to draw them taut,
ld the cable break inboard. A——, who
ld have relieved me, was unwell, so I had
ntinue my look-out; and about one o'clock
ine again parted, but was again caught in
last noose, with about four inches to spare.
minutes afterwards it again parted and
yet once more caught. Mr. Liddell (whom
l called) could stand this no longer; so we
ed the line and ran into a bay in Siphano,
ng for calm weather, though I was by no
s of opinion that the slight sea and wind

had been the cause of our failures.—All next day (Monday) we lay off Siphano, amusing ourselves on shore with fowling-pieces and navy revolvers. I need not say we killed nothing; and luckily we did not wound any of ourselves. A guardiano accompanied us, his functions being limited to preventing actual contact with the natives, for they might come as near and talk as much as they pleased. These isles of Greece are sad, interesting places. They are not really barren all over, but they are quite destitute of verdure; and tufts of thyme, wild mastic or mint, though they sound well, are not nearly so pretty as grass. Many little churches, glittering white, dot the islands; most of them, I believe, abandoned during the whole year with the exception of one day sacred to their patron saint. The villages are mean, but the inhabitants do not look wretched and the men are good sailors. There is something in this Greek race yet; they will become a powerful Levantine nation in the course of time.—What a lovely moonlight evening that was! the barren island cutting the clear sky with fantastic outline, marble cliffs on either hand fairly

ming over the calm sea. Next day, the
l still continuing, I proposed a boating ex-
sion and decoyed A——, L——, and S——
accompanying me. We took the little gig,
sailed away merrily enough round a point
beautiful white bay, flanked with two glis-
ng little churches, fronted by beautiful dis-
islands; when suddenly, to my horror, I
overed the *Elba* steaming full speed out from
island. Of course we steered after her;
the wind that instant ceased, and we were
in a dead calm. There was nothing for it
to unship the mast, get out the oars and
. The ship was nearly certain to stop at
buoy; and I wanted to learn how to take an
so here was a chance with a vengeance!
— steered, and we three pulled—a broiling
it was about half way across to Palikandro
ill we did come in, pulling an uncommon
l stroke, and I had learned to hang on my
L—— had pressed me to let him take
place; but though I was very tired at the
of the first quarter of an hour, and then
y successive half hour, I would not give in.
arly paid dear for my obstinacy, however;

for in the evening I had alternate fits of shivering and burning.'

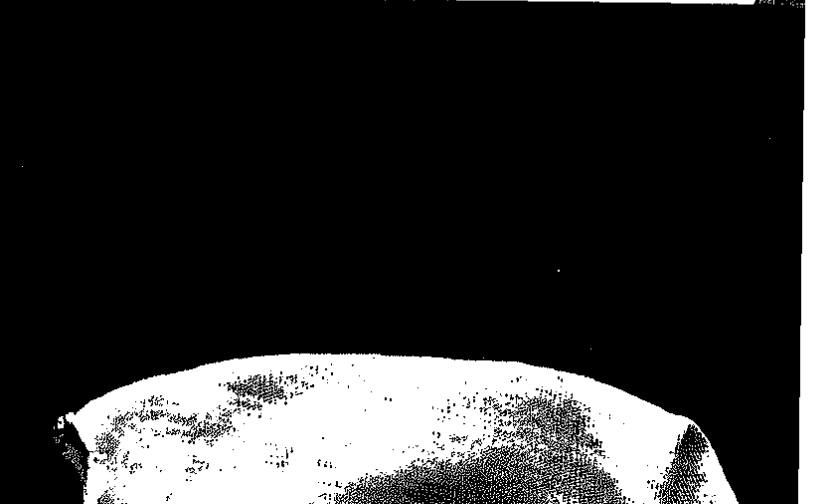
III.

The next extracts, and I am sorry to say the last, are from Fleeming's letters of 1860, when he was back at Bona and Spartivento and for the first time at the head of an expedition. Unhappily these letters are not only the last, but the series is quite imperfect; and this is the more to be lamented as he had now begun to use a pen more skilfully, and in the following notes there is at times a touch of real distinction in the manner.

'Cagliari: October 5, 1860.

'All Tuesday I spent examining what was on board the *Elba*, and trying to start the repairs of the Spartivento land line, which has been entirely neglected, and no wonder, for no one has been paid for three months, no, not even the poor guards who have to keep themselves, their horses and their families, on their pay. Wednesday morning, I started for Spartivento and got there in time to try a good many experiments. Spartivento looks more wild and

een; the valleys filled with dry salt mud
a little stagnant water; where that very
ing the deer had drunk, where herons, cur-
and other fowl abound, and where, alas!
ria is breeding with this rain. (No fear for
who do not sleep on shore.) A little iron
had been placed there since 1858; but the
ows had been carried off, the door broken
, the roof pierced all over. In it, we sat
make experiments; and how it recalled
enhead! There was Thomson, there was
esting board, the strings of gutta-percha;
y P——— even, battering with the batteries;
where was my darling Annie? Whilst I
eet in sand, with Harry alone inside the hut
ts, coats, and wood to darken the window
others visited the murderous old friar,
is of the order of Scaloppi, and for whom I
ght a letter from his superior, ordering him
ay us attention; but he was away from
, gone to Cagliari in a boat with the pro-
of the farm belonging to his convent.



Then they visited the tower of Chia, but could not get in because the door is thirty feet off the ground; so they came back and pitched a magnificent tent which I brought from the *Bahiana* a long time ago—and where they will live (if I mistake not) in preference to the friar's, or the owl- and bat-haunted tower. MM. T—— and S—— will be left there: T——, an intelligent, hard-working Frenchman, with whom I am well pleased; he can speak English and Italian well, and has been two years at Genoa. S—— is a French German with a face like an ancient Gaul, who has been sergeant-major in the French line and who is, I see, a great, big, muscular *fainéant*. We left the tent pitched and some stores in charge of a guide, and ran back to Cagliari.

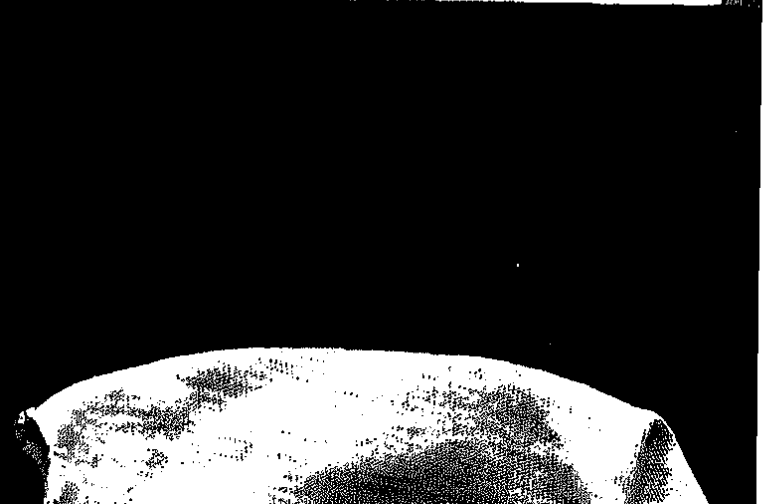
'Certainly, being at the head of things is pleasanter than being subordinate. We all agree very well; and I have made the testing office into a kind of private room where I can come and write to you undisturbed, surrounded by my dear, bright brass things which all of them remind me of our nights at Birkenhead. Then I can work here, too, and try lots of experiments; you know how I like that! and

ury the Fifth, so as never to be without

'Cagliari: October 7.

e town was full?] . . . of red-shirted
Garibaldini. A very fine looking set
ows they are, too: the officers rather
but with medals Crimean and Indian;
n a very sturdy set, with many lads of
irth I should say. They still wait their
the Emperor and will, I fear, be too late
anything. I meant to have called on
ut they are all gone into barracks some
m the town, and I have been much too
go far.

view from the ramparts was very strange
autiful. Cagliari rises on a very steep
the mouth of a wide plain circled by
ills and three-quarters filled with lagoons;
s, therefore, like an old island citadel.
heaps of salt mark the border between
and the lagoons; thousands of flamingoes
the centre of the huge shallow marsh;



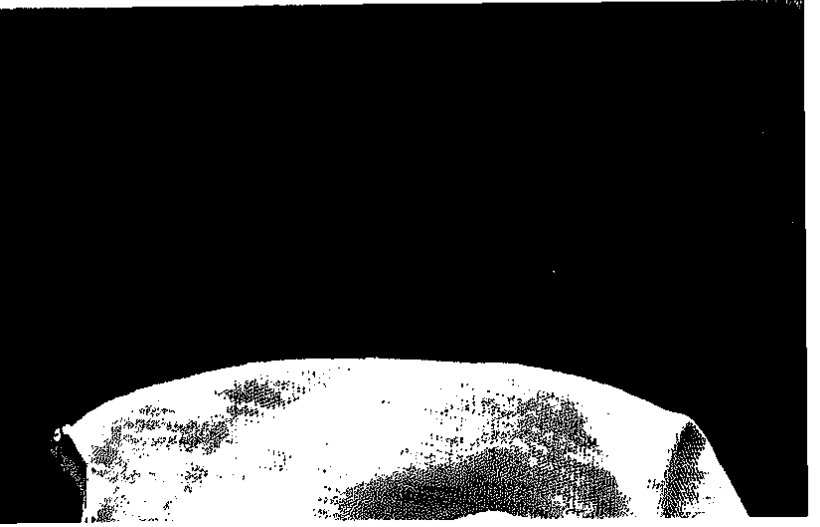
hawks hover and scream among the trees under the high mouldering battlements.—A little lower down, the band played. Men and ladies bowed and pranced, the costumes posed, church bells tinkled, processions processed, the sun set behind thick clouds capping the hills; I pondered on you and enjoyed it all.

'Decidedly I prefer being master to being man: boats at all hours, stewards flying for marmalade, captain enquiring when ship is to sail, clerks to copy my writing, the boat to steer when we go out—I have run her nose on several times; decidedly, I begin to feel quite a little king. Confound the cable, though! I shall never be able to repair it.

'Bona: October 14.

'We left Cagliari at 4.30 on the 9th and soon got to Spartivento. I repeated some of my experiments, but found Thomson, who was to have been my grand stand-by, would not work on that day in the wretched little hut. Even if the windows and door had been put in, the wind which was very high made the lamp flicker about and blew it out; so I sent on board and got old sails, and fairly wrapped the hut up in them; and

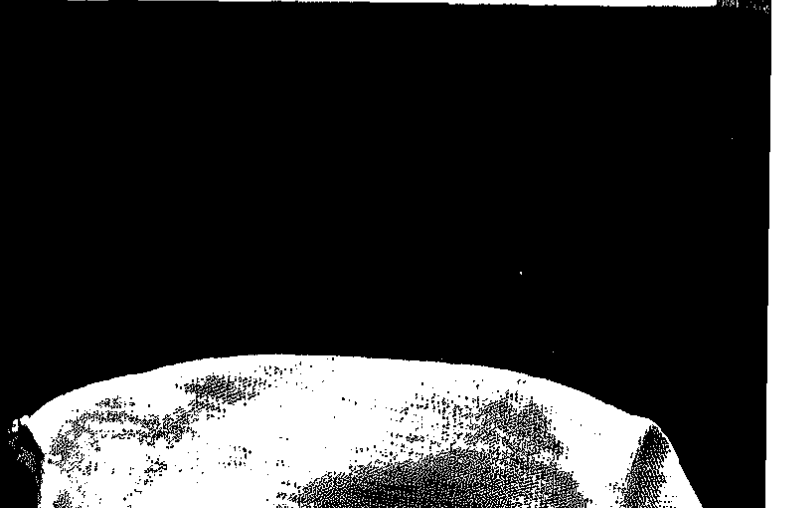
iari; but I found another, [a] green,
tent, in the *Elba* and soon had him up.
uare tent left on the last occasion was
g all right and tight in spite of wind and
We landed provisions, two beds, plates,
forks, candles, cooking utensils, and were
or a start at 6 P.M.; but the wind mean-
ad come on to blow at such a rate that
ght better of it, and we stopped. T——
—— slept ashore, however, to see how they
; at least they tried to sleep, for S——
ient sergeant-major had a toothache, and
hought the tent was coming down every
. Next morning they could only com-
f sand and a leaky coffee-pot, so I leave
with a good conscience. The little en-
ent looked quite picturesque: the green
tent, the square white tent and the hut all
ed up in sails, on a sand hill, looking on
and masking those confounded marshes
back. One would have thought the Cag-



liaritans were in a conspiracy to frighten the two poor fellows, who (I believe) will be safe enough if they do not go into the marshes after nightfall. S—— brought a little dog to amuse them, such a jolly, ugly little cur without a tail, but full of fun; he will be better than quinine.

'The wind drove a barque, which had anchored near us for shelter, out to sea. We started, however, at 2 P.M., and had a quick passage but a very rough one, getting to Bona by daylight [on the 11th]. Such a place as this is for getting anything done! The health boat went away from us at 7.30 with W—— on board; and we heard nothing of them till 9.30, when W—— came back with two fat Frenchmen who are to look on on the part of the Government. They are exactly alike: only one has four bands and the other three round his cap, and so I know them. Then I sent a boat round to Fort Gênois [Fort Genova of 1858], where the cable is landed, with all sorts of things and directions, whilst I went ashore to see about coals and a room at the fort. We hunted people in the little square in their shops and offices, but only found them in cafés. One amiable gentleman

a café, and said that, on the contrary,
in the week he did not do so! Then
fat friends must have their breakfast
ir "something" at a café; and all the
it from 10 to 2; and the post does not
12; and there was a road to Fort
nly a bridge had been carried away, &c.
I got off, and we rowed round to Fort
where my men had put up a capital
t with sails, and there was my big
d Thomson's number 5 in great glory.
came to the conclusion there was a
Two of my faithful Cagliaritans slept
in the little tent, to guard it and my
instruments; and the sea, which was
igh, silenced my Frenchmen.
day I went on with my experiments,
oat grappled for the cable a little way
re and buoyed it where the *Ilba* could
I brought all back to the *Ilba*, tried
inery and was all ready for a start next
But the wretched coal had not come



yet; Government permission from Algiers to be got; lighters, men, baskets, and I know not what forms to be got or got through — and everybody asleep! Coals or no coals, I was determined to start next morning; and start we did at four in the morning, picked up the buoy with our deck engine, popped the cable across a boat, tested the wires to make sure the fault was not behind us, and started picking up at 11. Everything worked admirably, and about 2 P.M., in came the fault. There is no doubt the cable was broken by coral fishers; twice they have had it up to their own knowledge.

'Many men have been ashore to-day and have come back tipsy, and the whole ship is in a state of quarrel from top to bottom, and they will gossip just within my hearing. And we have had, moreover, three French gentlemen and a French lady to dinner, and I had to act host and try to manage the mixtures to their taste. The good-natured little Frenchwoman was most amusing; when I asked her if she would have some apple tart — "*Mon Dieu*," with heroic resignation, "*je veux bien*"; or a little *plombodding* — "*Mais ce que vous voudrez, Monsieur!*"

began dredging at daybreak and hooked at
e every time in rocks; but by capital luck,
t as we were deciding it was no use to con-
ue in that place, we hooked the cable: up
came, was tested, and lo! another complete
ak, a quarter of a mile off. I was amazed at
own tranquillity under these disappoint-
nts, but I was not really half so fussy as
ut getting a cab. Well, there was nothing
it but grappling again, and, as you may im-
ne, we were getting about six miles from
re. But the water did not deepen rapidly;
seemed to be on the crest of a kind of sub-
rine mountain in prolongation of Cape de
nde, and pretty havoc we must have made
h the crags. What rocks we did hook! No
ner was the grapnel down than the ship was
hored; and then came such a business: ship's
ines going, deck engine thundering, belt
ping, fear of breaking ropes: actually break-
grapnels. It was always an hour or more
re we could get the grapnel down again.

as I knew the cable was much eaten away and would stand but little strain. Well, we hooked the cable first dredge this time, and pulled it slowly and gently to the top, with much trepidation. Was it the cable? was there any weight on? it was evidently too small. Imagine my dismay when the cable did come up, but hanging loosely, thus

instead of taut, thus

showing certain signs of a break close by. For a moment I felt provoked, as I thought, "Here we are in deep water, and the cable will not stand lifting!" I tested at once, and by the very first wire found it had broken towards

e and was good towards sea. This was of se very pleasant; but from that time to though the wires test very well, not a sig- as come from Spartivento. I got the cable a boat, and a gutta-percha line from the to the boat, and we signalled away at a t rate—but no signs of life. The tests, how- , make me pretty sure one wire at least is l; so I determined to lay down cable from re we were to the shore, and go to Sparti- o to see what had happened there. I fear men are ill. The night was lovely, perfect- alm; so we lay close to the boat and signals continually sent, but with no result. This ning I laid the cable down to Fort Génois tyle; and now we are picking up odds and of cable between the different breaks, and ing our buoys on board, &c. To-morrow I ect to leave for Spartivento.'

IV.

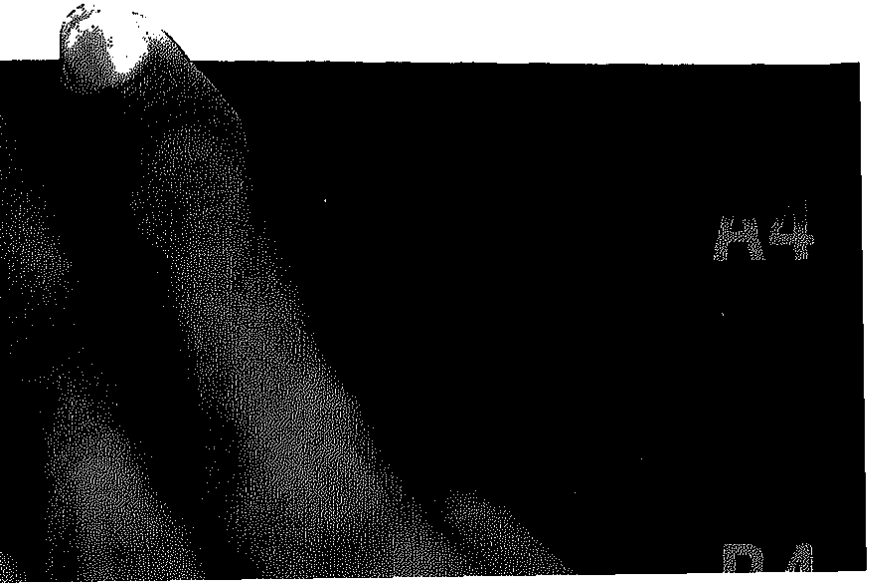
nd now I am quite at an end of journal ing; diaries and diary letters being things outh which Fleeming had at length out-

ble; mainly interesting as showing under what defects of strength and in what extremities of pain, this cheerful man must at times continue to go about his work.

'I slept on board 29th September having arranged everything to start by daybreak from where we lay in the roads: but at daybreak a heavy mist hung over us so that nothing of land or water could be seen. At midday it lifted suddenly and away we went with perfect weather, but could not find the buoys Forde left, that evening. I saw the captain was not strong in navigation, and took matters next day much more into my own hands and before nine o'clock found the buoys; (the weather had been so fine we had anchored in the open sea near Texel). It took us till the evening to reach the buoys, get the cable on board, test the first half, speak to Lowestoft, make the splice, and start. H- had not finished his work at Norderney, so I was alone on board for Reuter. Moreover the buoys to guide us in our course were not placed,

l the captain had very vague ideas about keep-
his course; so I had to do a good deal, and
y lay down as I was for two hours in the night.
anaged to run the course perfectly. Every-
ng went well, and we found Norderney just
ere we wanted it next afternoon, and if the
re end had been laid, could have finished
re and then, October 1st. But when we got
Norderney, we found the *Caroline* with shore
lying apparently aground, and could not un-
stand her signals; so we had to anchor sud-
ly and I went off in a small boat with the
tain to the *Caroline*. It was cold by this
e, and my arm was rather stiff and I was
d; I hauled myself up on board the *Caroline*
t rope and found H—— and two men on
rd. All the rest were trying to get the shore
on shore, but had failed and apparently had
k on shore, and the waves were getting up.
had anchored in the right place and next
rning we hoped the shore end would be laid,
ve had only to go back. It was of course
colder and quite night. I went to bed and
ed to sleep, but, alas, the rheumatism got
the joints and caused me terrible pain so

managed to wake the steward and get a mustard poultice which took the pain from the shoulder; but then the elbow got very bad, and I had to call the second steward and get a second poultice, and then it was daylight, and I felt very ill and feverish. The sea was now rather rough — too rough rather for small boats, but luckily a sort of thing called a scoot came out, and we got on board her with some trouble, and got on shore after a good tossing about which made us all sea-sick. The cable sent from the *Caroline* was just 60 yards too short and did not reach the shore, so although the *Caroline* did make the splice late that night, we could neither test nor speak. Reuter was at Norderney, and I had to do the best I could, which was not much, and went to bed early; I thought I should never sleep again, but in sheer desperation got up in the middle of the night and gulped a lot of raw whiskey and slept at last. But not long. A Mr. F—— washed my face and hands and dressed me; and we hauled the cable out of the



and got it joined to the telegraph station, on October 3rd telegraphed to Lowestoft and then to London. Miss Clara Volkman, ece of Mr. Reuter's, sent the first message to s. Reuter, who was waiting (Varley used Miss a's hand as a kind of key), and I sent one of first messages to Odden. I thought a mes- addressed to him would not frighten you, that he would enjoy a message through a's cable. I hope he did. They were all merry, but I had been so lowered by pain I could not enjoy myself in spite of the cess.'

V.

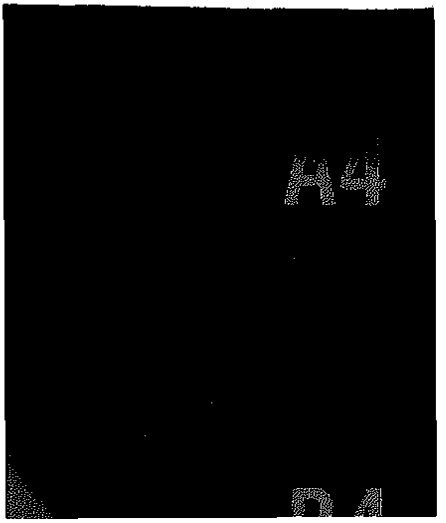
f the 1869 cruise in the *Great Eastern*, I give t I am able; only sorry it is no more, for sake of the ship itself, already almost a nd even to the generation that saw it ched.

June 17, 1869.—Here are the names of our in whom I expect you to be interested, as re *Great Eastern* stories may be full of n: Theophilus Smith, a man of Latimer k's; Leslie C. Hill, my prizeman at Uni-

Varley, Clark, and Sir James Anderson make up the sum of all you know anything of. A Captain Halpin commands the big ship. There are four smaller vessels. The *Wm. Cory*, which laid the Norderney cable, has already gone to St. Pierre to lay the shore ends. The *Hawk* and *Chiltern* have gone to Brest to lay shore ends. The *Hawk* and *Scanderia* go with us across the Atlantic and we shall at St. Pierre be transhipped into one or the other.

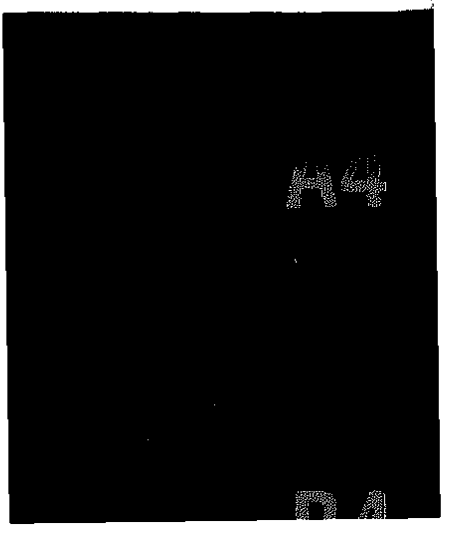
'*June* 18. *Somewhere in London.* The shore end is laid, as you may have seen, and we are all under pressing orders to march, so we start from London to-night at 5.10.

'*June* 20. *Off Ushant.*—I am getting quite fond of the big ship. Yesterday morning in the quiet sunlight, she turned so slowly and lazily in the great harbour at Portland, and bye and bye slipped out past the long pier with so little stir, that I could hardly believe we were really off. No men drunk, no women crying, no singing or swearing, no confusion or bustle on deck



dly undertaken to do everything that was
essary without any further interference. I
e a nice cabin with plenty of room for my
s in my berth and have slept two nights like
op. Then we have the ladies' cabin set apart
an engineer's office, and I think this de-
edly the nicest place in the ship: 35 ft. x
ft. broad—four tables, three great mirrors,
nty of air and no heat from the funnels
ch spoil the great dining-room. I saw a
ble library of books on the walls when here
, and this made me less anxious to provide
t literature; but alas, to-day I find that they
every one bibles or prayer-books. Now one
not read many hundred bibles. . . . As for
motion of the ship it is not very much,
'twill suffice. Thomson shook hands and
hed me well. I *do* like Thomson. . . . Tell
stin that the *Great Eastern* has six masts
four funnels. When I get back I will
ke a little model of her for all the chicks
pay out cotton reels. . . . Here we are at

we run our last course for the buoy at the St. Pierre shore end. It blows and lightens, and our good ship rolls, and buoys are hard to find; but we must soon now finish our work, and then this letter will start for home. . . . Yesterday we were mournfully groping our way through the wet grey fog, not at all sure where we were, with one consort lost and the other faintly answering the roar of our great whistle through the mist. As to the ship which was to meet us, and pioneer us up the deep channel, we did not know if we should come within twenty miles of her; when suddenly up went the fog, out came the sun, and there, straight ahead, was the *Wm. Cory*, our pioneer, and a little dancing boat, the *Gulnare*, sending signals of welcome with many-coloured flags. Since then we have been steaming in a grand procession; but now at 2 A.M. the fog has fallen, and the great roaring whistle calls up the distant answering notes all around us. Shall we, or shall we not find the buoy?



July 13.—All yesterday we lay in the damp
ping fog, with whistles all round and guns
g so that we might not bump up against one
ther. This little delay has let us get our
rts into tolerable order. We are now at 7
ock getting the cable end again, with the
n cable buoy close to us.'

telegram of July 20: 'I have received your
welcome letters. The Americans are charm-
people.'

VI.

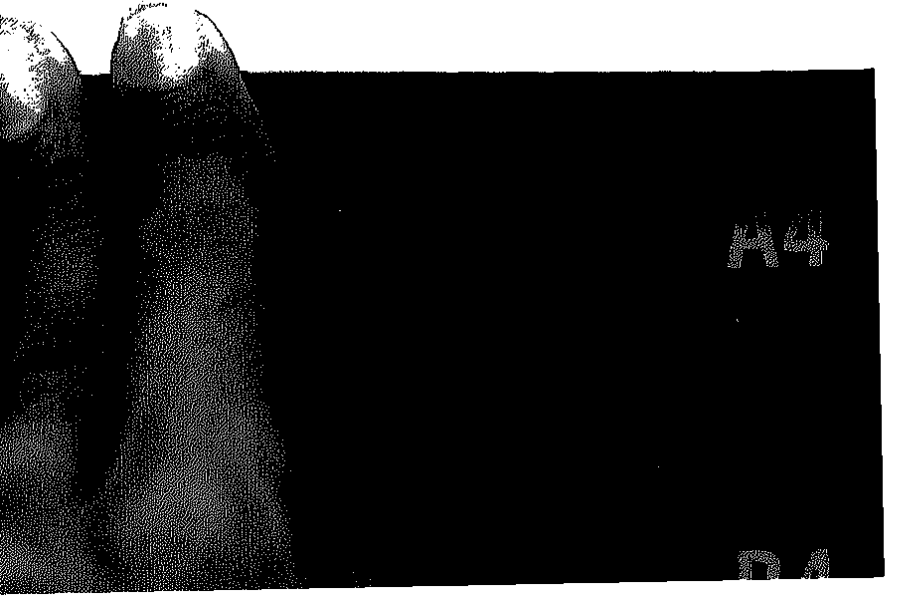
nd here to make an end are a few random
about the cruise to Pernambuco:—

Plymouth, June 21, 1873.—I have been down
he sea-shore and smelt the salt sea and like
and I have seen the *Hooper* pointing her
t bow sea-ward, while light smoke rises
n her funnels telling that the fires are being
ted; and sorry as I am to be without you,
ething inside me answers to the call to be
and doing.

Lalla Rookh. Plymouth, June 22.—We have
n a little cruise in the yacht over to the
dystone lighthouse, and my sea legs seem

bustles out across a port with green woody sides, little yachts sliding about, men-of-war training-ships, and then a great big black hulk of a thing with a mass of smaller vessels sticking to it like parasites; and that is one's home being coaled. Then comes the Champagne lunch where everyone says all that is polite to everyone else, and then the uncertainty when to start. So far as we know *now*, we are to start to-morrow morning at daybreak; letters that come later are to be sent to Pernambuco by first mail. . . . My father has sent me the heartiest sort of Jack Tar's cheer.

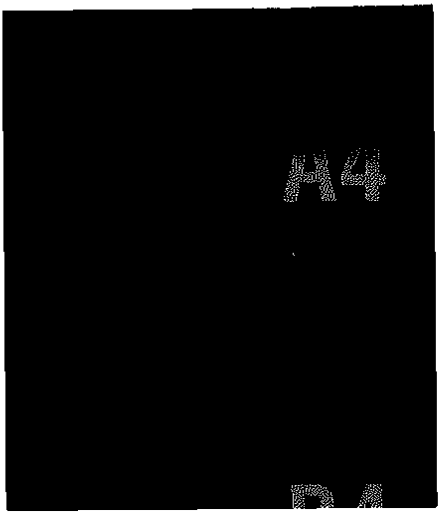
'*S. S. Hooper. Off Funchal, June* 29. Here we are off Madeira at seven o'clock in the morning. Thomson has been sounding with his special toy ever since half-past three (1087 fathoms of water). I have been watching the day break, and long jagged islands start into being out of the dull night. We are still some miles from land; but the sea is calmer than



Eil often was, and the big *Hooper* rests contentedly after a pleasant voyage and rable breezes. I have not been able to do eal work except the testing [of the cable], ough not sea-sick, I get a little giddy when to think on board. . . . The ducks have ad their daily souse and are quacking and ing in a mighty way outside the door of aptain's deck cabin where I write. The are crowing, and new-laid eggs are said to und in the coops. Four mild oxen have untethered and allowed to walk along the iron decks—a whole drove of sheep seem content while licking big lumps of bay Two exceedingly impertinent goats lead ook a perfect life of misery. They steal the galley and *will* nibble the carrots or os if his back is turned for one minute; hen he throws something at them and s them; and they scuttle off laughing im- ntly, and flick one ear at him from a safe ce. This is the most impudent gesture I saw. Winking is nothing to it. The ear ally hangs down behind; the goat turns ays to her enemy—by a little knowing

further off, and repeats the manœuvre. The cook is very fat and cannot run after that goat much.

'*Pernambuco, Aug.* 1.—We landed here yesterday, all well and cable sound, after a good passage. . . . I am on familiar terms with cocoa-nuts, mangoes, and bread-fruit trees, but I think I like the negresses best of anything I have seen. In turbans and loose sea-green robes, with beautiful black-brown complexions and a stately carriage, they really are a satisfaction to my eye. The weather has been windy and rainy; the *Hooper* has to lie about a mile from the town, in an open roadstead, with the whole swell of the Atlantic driving straight on shore. The little steam launch gives all who go in her a good ducking, as she bobs about on the big rollers; and my old gymnastic practice stands me in good stead on boarding and leaving her. We clamber down a rope ladder hanging from the high stern, and then taking a rope in one hand, swing into the launch at the moment

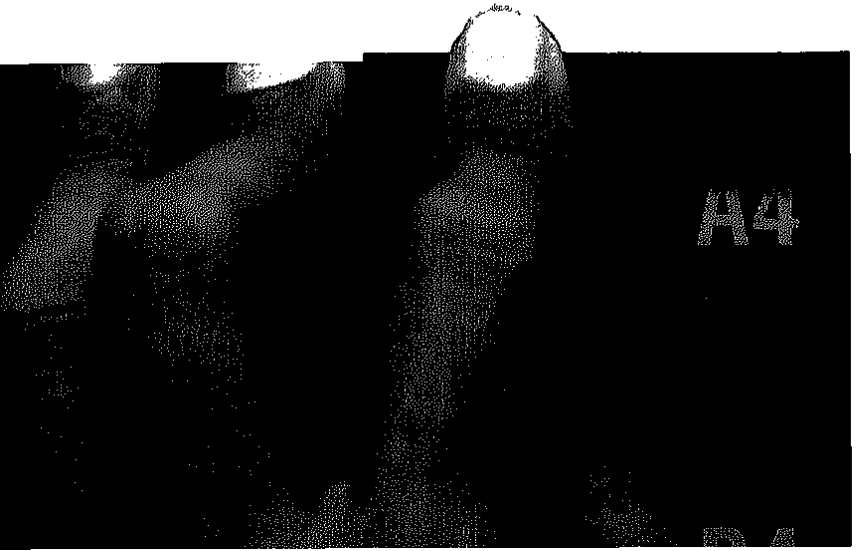


n she can contrive to steam up under us—
ing about like an apple thrown into a tub
he while. The President of the province
his suite tried to come off to a State lunch-
on board on Sunday; but the launch be-
rather heavily laden, behaved worse than
l, and some green seas stove in the Presi-
's hat and made him wetter than he had
ably ever been in his life; so after one or
rollers, he turned back; and indeed he was
to do so, for I don't see how he could have
on board. . . . Being fully convinced that
world will not continue to go round unless
y it personal attention, I must run away to
work.'

Edinburgh—Colleagues—*Parvum Vitæ*—I. The Family Circle—Fleeming and his Sons—Highland Life—The Cruise of the Steam Launch—Summer in Styria—Rustic Manners—II. The Drama—Private Theatricals—III. Sanitary Associations—The Phonograph—IV. Fleeming's Acquaintance with a Student—His late Maturity of Mind—Religion and Morality—His Love of Heroism—Poetic Literature—V. His Talk—His late Popularity—Letter from M. Thévenaz.

THE remaining external incidents of Fleeming's life, pleasures, honours, fresh interests, new friends, are not such as will bear to be told at any length or in the temporal order. And it is now time to lay narration by, and to look at the man he was and the life he lived, more largely.

Edinburgh, which was thenceforth to be his home, is a metropolitan small town; where college professors and the lawyers of the Parliament House give the tone, and persons of leisure, attracted by educational advantages, make up much of the bulk of society. Not, therefore, an unlettered place, yet not pedantic, Edinburgh



nvourably with much larger cities.
sputations element has been com-
strangers: it would not touch
o was himself regarded, even in
s of disputation, as a thorny table-
lf unhappily he did not take, and
nal virtue in the city of the winds.
ecome an archer of the Queen's
which is the Chiltern Hundreds
ed golfer. He did not even fre-
ening Club, where his colleague
ny) was so punctual and so genial,
me ways he stood outside of the
kindlier life of his new home. I
ke to say that he was generally
there as elsewhere, those who
l enough to love him, loved him
e, upon his side, liked a place
er party was not of necessity un-
nd where men stood up to him in

nce of his old classmate, Tait, was
ly attractions to the chair; and now
g is gone again, Tait still remains,
really teaching his great classes.

been taken from their friends and labours. Death has been busy in the Senatus. I will speak elsewhere of Fleeming's demeanour to his students; and it will be enough to add here that his relations with his colleagues in general were pleasant to himself.

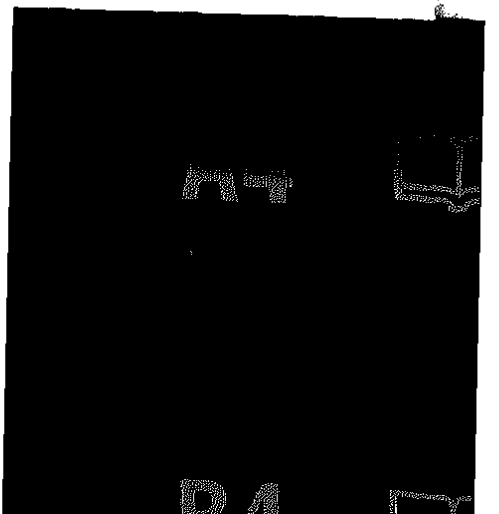
Edinburgh, then, with its society, its university work, its delightful scenery, and its skating in the winter, was thenceforth his base of operations. But he shot meanwhile erratic in many directions: twice to America, as we have seen, on telegraph voyages; continually to London on business; often to Paris; year after year to the Highlands to shoot, to fish, to learn reels and Gaelic, to make the acquaintance and fall in love with the character of Highlanders; and once to Styria, to hunt chamois and dance with peasant maidens. All the while, he was pursuing the course of his electrical studies, making fresh inventions, taking up the phonograph, filled with theories of graphic representation; read-

writing, publishing, founding sanitary as-
tions, interested in technical education,
igating the laws of metre, drawing, acting,
ing private theatricals, going a long way
an actor—a long way to see a picture; in
ery bubble of the tideway of contemporary
sts. And all the while he was busied about
ther and mother, his wife, and in particular
ns; anxiously watching, anxiously guiding
and plunging with his whole fund of
fulness into their sports and interests.
all the while he was himself maturing—
n character or body, for these remained
g—but in the stocked mind, in the tolerant
ledge of life and man, in pious acceptance
universe. Here is a farrago for a chap-
here is a world of interests and activities,
n, artistic, social, scientific, at each of which
rang with impetuous pleasure, on each of
he squandered energy, the arrow drawn
e head, the whole intensity of his spirit
for the moment, on the momentary pur-
It was this that lent such unusual in-
to his society, so that no friend of his
orget that figure of Fleming coming

Our fathers, upon some difficult theme, would nvoke the Muse; I can but appeal to the magination of the reader. When I dwell pon some one thing, he must bear in mind it vas only one of a score; that the unwearable rain was teeming at the very time with other houghts; that the good heart had left no kind luty forgotten.

I.

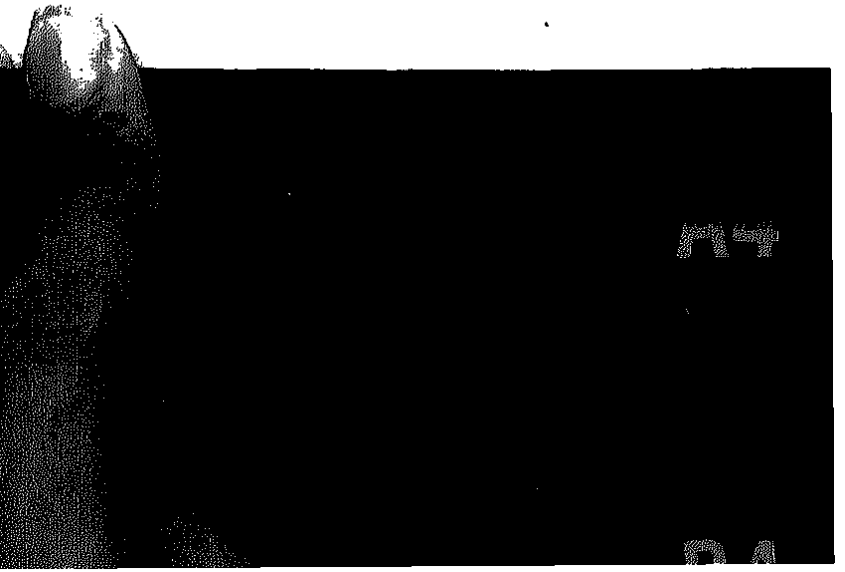
In Edinburgh, for a considerable time, Fleeming's family, to three generations, was united: Mr. and Mrs. Austin at Hailes, Captain and Mrs. Jenkin in the suburb of Merchiston, Fleeming himself in the city. It is not every family that could risk with safety such close interdomestic dealings; but in this also Fleeming was particularly favoured. Even the two extremes, Mr. Austin and the Captain, drew together. It s pleasant to find that each of the old gentlemen set a high value on the good looks of the ther, doubtless also on his own; and a fine picture they made as they walked the green ter-



ce at Hailes, conversing by the hour. What
ey talked of is still a mystery to those who
ew them; but Mr. Austin always declared
at on these occasions he learned much. To
th of these families of elders, due service was
id of attention; to both, Fleeming's easy
rcumstances had brought joy; and the eyes
all were on the grandchildren. In Fleem-
g's scheme of duties, those of the family stood
st; a man was first of all a child, nor did he
ase to be so, but only took on added obliga-
ons, when he became in turn a father. The
re of his parents was always a first thought
ith him, and their gratification his delight.
nd the care of his sons, as it was always a
ave subject of study with him, and an affair
ever neglected, so it brought him a thousand
tisfactions. 'Hard work they are,' as he once
rote, 'but what fit work!' And again: 'O,
's a cold house where a dog is the only repre-
ntative of a child!' Not that dogs were de-
ised; we shall drop across the name of Jack,
e harum-scarum Irish terrier, ere we have
ne; his own dog Plato went up with him
ily to his lectures, and still (like other friends)

Mr. Swinburne, in the columns of the *Spectator*. Indeed there was nothing in which men take interest, in which he took not some; and yet always most in the strong human bonds, ancient as the race and woven of delights and duties.

He was even an anxious father; perhaps that is the part where optimism is hardest tested. He was eager for his sons; eager for their health, whether of mind or body; eager for their education; in that, I should have thought, too eager. But he kept a pleasant face upon all things, believed in play, loved it himself, shared boyishly in theirs, and knew how to put a face of entertainment upon business and a spirit of education into entertainment. If he was to test the progress of the three boys, this advertisement would appear in their little manuscript paper:—'Notice: The Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh intends at the close of the scholastic year to hold examinations in the following subjects: (1) For boys in the fourth class of the Academy—Geometry



l Algebra; (2) For boys at Mr. Henderson's
ool—Dictation and Recitation; (3) For boys
ght exclusively by their mothers—Arithme-
and Reading.' Prizes were given; but what
ze would be so conciliatory as this boyish
le joke? It may read thin here; it would
ack racily in the playroom. Whenever his
s 'started a new fad' (as one of them writes
me) they 'had only to tell him about it, and
was at once interested and keen to help.'
would discourage them in nothing unless it
s hopelessly too hard for them; only, if there
s any principle of science involved, they must
lerstand the principle; and whatever was at-
npted, that was to be done thoroughly. If it
s but play, if it was but a puppetshow they
re to build, he set them the example of being
shuggard in play. When Frewen, the second
, embarked on the ambitious design to make
engine for a toy steamboat, Fleeming made
n begin with a proper drawing—doubtless to
disgust of the young engineer; but once
t foundation laid, helped in the work with
lagging gusto, 'tinkering away,' for hours,
l assisted at the final trial 'in the big bath'

with no less excitement than the boy. 'He would take any amount of trouble to help us,' writes my correspondent. 'We never felt an affair was complete till we had called him to see, and he would come at any time, in the middle of any work.' There was indeed one recognised playhour, immediately after the despatch of the day's letters; and the boys were to be seen waiting on the stairs until the mail should be ready and the fun could begin. But at no other time did this busy man suffer his work to interfere with that first duty to his children; and there is a pleasant tale of the inventive Master Frewen, engaged at the time upon a toy crane, bringing to the study where his father sat at work a half-wound reel that formed some part of his design, and observing, 'Papa, you might finiss windin' this for me; I am so very busy to-day.'

I put together here a few brief extracts from Fleeming's letters, none very important in itself, but all together building up a pleasant picture of the father with his sons.

'*Jan.* 15*th*, 1875.—Frewen contemplates suspending soap bubbles by silk threads for experimental purposes. I don't think he will manage

t. Bernard' [the youngest] 'volunteered to
w the bubbles with enthusiasm.'

Jan. 17th.—I am learning a great deal of
ctrostatics in consequence of the perpetual
ss-examination to which I am subjected. I
g for you on many grounds, but one is that I
y not be obliged to deliver a running lecture
abstract points of science, subject to cross-
mination by two acute students. Bernie does
cross-examine much; but if anyone gets dis-
nfited, he laughs a sort of little silver-whistle
gle, which is trying to the unhappy blun-
er.'

May 9th.—Frewen is deep in parachutes. I
g him not to drop from the top landing in one
his own making.'

June 6th, 1876.—Frewen's crank axle is a
ure just at present—but he bears up.'

June 14th.—The boys enjoy their riding. It
s them whole funds of adventures. One of
ir caps falling off is matter for delightful
iniscences; and when a horse breaks his
p, the occurrence becomes a rear, a shy, or a
nge as they talk it over. Austin, with quiet
nfidence, speaks of the greater pleasure in rid-

ing a spirited horse, even if he does give a little trouble. It is the stolid brute that he dislikes. (N.B. You can still see six inches between him and the saddle when his pony trots.) I listen and sympathise and throw out no hint that their achievements are not really great.'

'*June 18th.*—Bernard is much impressed by the fact that I can be useful to Frewen about the steamboat' [which the latter irrepressible inventor was making]. 'He says quite with awe, "He would not have got on nearly so well if you had not helped him."'

'*June 27th.* I do not see what I could do without Austin. He talks so pleasantly and is so truly good all through.'

'*July 7th.*—My chief difficulty with Austin is to get him measured for a pair of trousers. Hitherto I have failed, but I keep a stout heart and mean to succeed. Frewen the observer, in describing the paces of two horses, says, "Polly takes twenty-seven steps to get round the school. I couldn't count Sophy, but she takes more than a hundred."'

'*Feb. 18th*, 1877.—We all feel very lonely without you. Frewen had to come up and sit in my

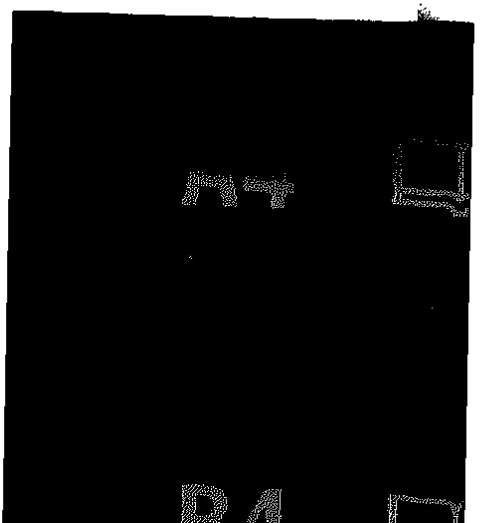
om for company last night and I actually kissed
n, a thing that has not occurred for years.
ck, poor fellow, bears it as well as he can, and
s taken the opportunity of having a fester on
foot, so he is lame and has it bathed, and this
enpies his thoughts a good deal.'

Feb. 19th.—As to Mill, Austin has not got
list yet. I think it will prejudice him very
ich against Mill—but that is not my affair.
lucation of that kind! . . . I would as soon
m my boys with food and boast of the pounds
ey had eaten, as cram them with literature.'

But if Fleeming was an anxious father, he did
t suffer his anxiety to prevent the boys from
y manly or even dangerous pursuit. What-
r it might occur to them to try, he would
efully show them how to do it, explain the
s, and then either share the danger himself
if that were not possible, stand aside and
it the event with that unhappy courage of
looker-on. He was a good swimmer, and
ght them to swim. He thoroughly loved all
nly exercises; and during their holidays, and
ncipally in the Highlands, helped and en-
raged them to excel in as many as possible

shared delightedly. He was well on to forty when he took once more to shooting, he was forty-three when he killed his first salmon, but no boy could have more single-mindedly rejoiced in these pursuits. His growing love for the Highland character, perhaps also a sense of the difficulty of the task, led him to take up at forty-one the study of Gaelic; in which he made some shadow of progress, but not much: the fastnesses of that elusive speech retaining to the last their independence. At the house of his friend Mrs. Blackburn, who plays the part of a Highland lady as to the manner born, he learned the delightful custom of kitchen dances, which became the rule at his own house and brought him into yet nearer contact with his neighbours. And thus at forty-two, he began to learn the reel; a study, to which he brought his usual smiling earnestness; and the steps, diagrammatically represented by his own hand, are before me as I write.

It was in 1879 that a new feature was added



ie Highland life: a steam launch, called the
gle, the Styrian corruption of Walpurga,
a friend to be hereafter mentioned. 'The
n launch goes,' Fleeming wrote. 'I wish
had been present to describe two scenes of
h she has been the occasion already: one
ng which the population of Ullapool, to a
, was harnessed to her hurrahing—and the
r in which the same population sat with
egs over a little pier, watching Frewen and
ie getting up steam for the first time.'
Purgle was got with educational intent;
it served its purpose so well, and the boys
v their business so practically, that when
summer was at an end, Fleeming, Mrs.
in, Frewen the engineer, Bernard the stoker,
Kenneth Robertson a Highland seaman, set
in her to make the passage south. The
morning they got from Loch Broom into
nard bay, where they lunched upon an
d; but the wind blowing up in the after-
, with sheets of rain, it was found impossi-
to beat to sea; and very much in the situa-
of castaways upon an unknown coast, the
y landed at the mouth of Gruinard river.

A shooting lodge was spied among the trees; here Fleeming went; and though the master, Mr. Murray, was from home, though the two Jenkin boys were of course as black as colliers, and all the castaways so wetted through that, as they stood in the passage, pools formed about their feet and ran before them into the house, yet Mrs. Murray kindly entertained them for the night. On the morrow, however, visitors were to arrive; there would be no room and, in so out-of-the-way a spot, most probably no food for the crew of the *Purple;* and on the morrow about noon, with the bay white with spindrift and the wind so strong that one could scarcely stand against it, they got up steam and skulked under the land as far as Sanda Bay. Here they crept into a seaside cave, and cooked some food; but the weather now freshening to a gale, it was plain they must moor the launch where she was, and find their way overland to some place of shelter. Even to get their baggage from on board was no light business; for the dingy was blown so far to leeward every trip, that they must carry her back by hand along the beach. But this once managed, and a cart procured in the

ghbourhood, they were able to spend the
ght in a pot-house on Ault Bea. Next day,
e sea was unapproachable; but the next they
d a pleasant passage to Poolewe, hugging the
ffs, the falling swell bursting close by them
the gullies, and the black scarts that sat like
naments on the top of every stack and pin-
cle, looking down into the *Thrgle* as she
ssed. The climate of Scotland had not done
h them yet: for three days they lay storm-
yed in Poolewe, and when they put to sea
the morning of the fourth, the sailors prayed
em for God's sake not to attempt the passage.
eir setting out was indeed merely tentative;
t presently they had gone too far to return,
d found themselves committed to double Rhu
ay with a foul wind and a cross sea. From
f-past eleven in the morning until half-past
e at night, they were in immediate and un-
sing danger. Upon the least mishap, the
rgle must either have been swamped by the
a or bulged upon the cliffs of that rude
ndland. Fleeming and Robertson took turns
ing and steering; Mrs. Jenkin, so violent was
commotion of the boat, held on with both

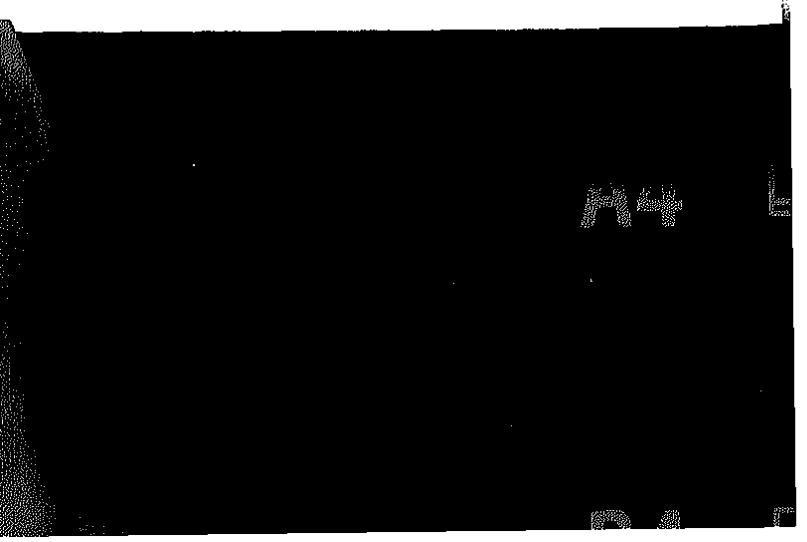
hands; Frewen, by Robertson's direction, ran the engine, slacking and pressing her to meet the seas; and Bernard, only twelve years old, deadly sea-sick, and continually thrown against the boiler, so that he was found next day to be covered with burns, yet kept an even fire. It was a very thankful party that sat down that evening to meat in the Hotel at Gairloch. And perhaps, although the thing was new in the family, no one was much surprised when Fleeming said grace over that meal. Thenceforward he continued to observe the form, so that there was kept alive in his house a grateful memory of peril and deliverance. But there was nothing of the muff in Fleeming; he thought it a good thing to escape death, but a becoming and a healthful thing to run the risk of it; and what is rarer, that which he thought for himself, he thought for his family also. In spite of the terrors of Rhu Reay, the cruise was persevered in and brought to an end under happier conditions.

One year, instead of the Highlands, Alt Aussee, in the Steiermark, was chosen for the holidays; and the place, the people, and the

delighted Fleeming. He worked hard at
rman, which he had much forgotten since he
s a boy; and what is highly characteristic,
ally hard at the patois, in which he learned
excel. He won a prize at a Schützen-fest;
l though he hunted chamois without much
cess, brought down more interesting game
the shape of the Styrian peasants, and in
rticular of his gillie, Joseph. This Joseph
s much of a character; and his appreciations
Fleeming have a fine note of their own. The
nging up of the boys he deigned to approve
'*fast so gut wie ein Bauer*,' was his trenchant
icism. The attention and courtly respect
h which Fleeming surrounded his wife, was
nething of a puzzle to the philosophic gillie;
announced in the village that Mrs. Jenkin —
silberne Frau, as the folk had prettily named
from some silver ornaments —was a '*geborene*
ilfin' who had married beneath her; and when
eming explained what he called the English
ory (though indeed it was quite his own) of
rried relations, Joseph, admiring but uncon-
ced, avowed it was '*gar schön*.' Joseph's
usin, Walpurga Moser, to an orchestra of

sister Loys, too, who was up at the Alp with the cattle, came down to church on Sundays, made acquaintance with the Jenkins, and must have them up to see the sunrise from her house upon the Loser, where they had supper and all slept in the loft among the hay. The Mosers were not lost sight of; Walpurga still corresponds with Mrs. Jenkin, and it was a late pleasure of Fleeming's to choose and despatch a wedding present for his little mountain friend. This visit was brought to an end by a ball in the big inn parlour; the refreshments chosen, the list of guests drawn up, by Joseph; the best music of the place in attendance; and hosts and guests in their best clothes. The ball was opened by Mrs. Jenkin dancing Steierisch with a lordly Bauer, in gray and silver and with a plumed hat; and Fleeming followed with Walpurga Moser.

There ran a principle through all these holiday pleasures. In Styria as in the Highlands, the same course was followed: Fleeming threw

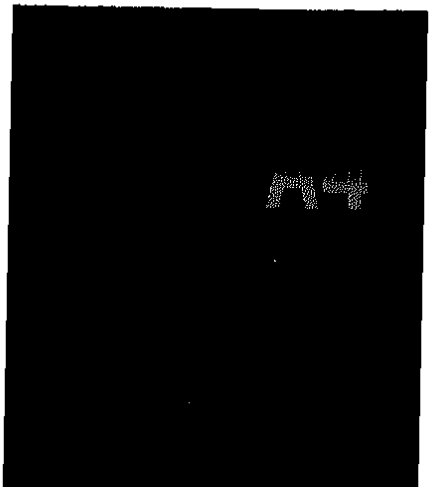


nself as fully as he could into the life and oc-
ations of the native people, studying every-
ere their dances and their language, and con-
ming, always with pleasure, to their rustic
quette. Just as the ball at Alt Aussee was
igned for the taste of Joseph, the parting
st at Attadale was ordered in every particular
he taste of Murdoch the Keeper. Fleeming
not one of the common, so-called gentle-
n, who take the tricks of their own coterie
e eternal principles of taste. He was aware,
the other hand, that rustic people dwelling
their own places, follow ancient rules with
idious precision, and are easily shocked and
arrassed by what (if they used the word)
would have to call the vulgarity of visitors
n town. And he, who was so cavalier with
of his own class, was sedulous to shield
more tender feelings of the peasant; he,
could be so trying in a drawing-room, was
punctilious in the cottage. It was in all
ects a happy virtue. It renewed his life,
ng these holidays, in all particulars. It
n entertained him with the discovery of
nge survivals; as when, by the orders of

And thus to throw things a little from the life; a *new school of manners* was a grateful exercise of Fleeming's mimetic instinct; and to the pleasures of the open air, of hardships supported, of dexterities improved and displayed, and of plain and elegant society, added a spice of drama.

II.

Fleeming was all his life a lover of the play and all that belonged to it. Dramatic literature he knew fully. He was one of the not very numerous people who can read a play: a knack, the fruit of much knowledge and some imagination, comparable to that of reading score. Few men better understood the artificial principles on which a play is good or bad; few more unaffectedly enjoyed a piece of any merit of construction. His own play was conceived with a double design; for he had long been filled with his theory of the true story of Griselda; used to gird at Father Chaucer for his misconception;



d was, perhaps first of all, moved by the de-
e to do justice to the Marquis of Saluces,
d perhaps only in the second place, by the
sh to treat a story (as he phrased it) like a sum
arithmetic. I do not think he quite suc-
eded; but I must own myself no fit judge.
eeming and I were teacher and taught as to
e principles, disputatious rivals in the prac-
e, of dramatic writing.

Acting had always, ever since Rachel and the
arseillaise, a particular power on him. 'If I
not cry at the play,' he used to say, 'I want
have my money back.' Even from a poor
ay with poor actors, he could draw pleasure.
iacometti's *Elisabetta*,' I find him writing,
etched the house vastly. Poor Queen Eliza-
th! And yet it was a little good.' And
ain, after a night of Salvini: 'I do not sup-
se any one with feelings could sit out *Othello*,
Iago and Desdemona were acted.' Salvini
s, in his view, the greatest actor he had seen.
e were all indeed moved and bettered by the
it of that wonderful man.—'I declare I feel
if I could pray!' cried one of us, on the
urn from *Hamlet*.—'That is prayer,' said

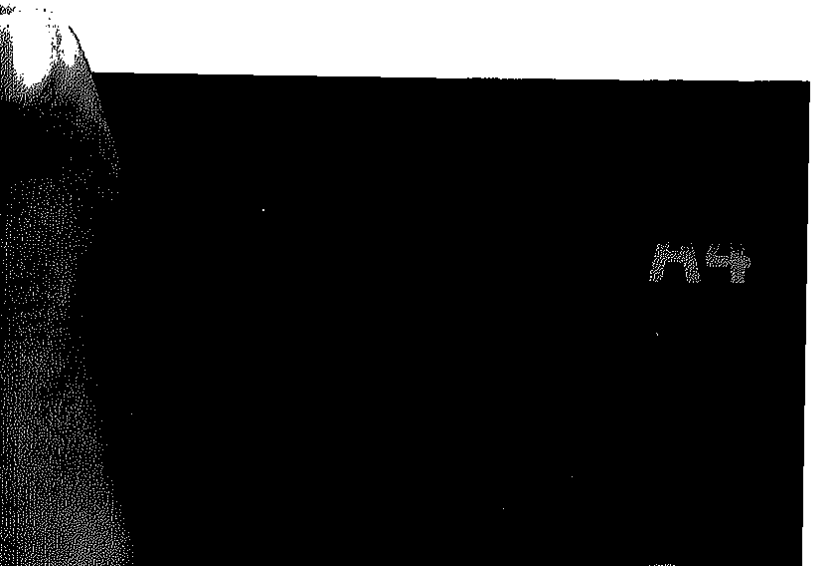
Fleeming; and I shall never forget with what coldness he heard and deleted the eloquence of our draft, nor with what spirit (our vanities once properly mortified) he threw himself into the business of collecting signatures. It was his part, on the ground of his Italian, to see and arrange with the actor; it was mine to write in the *Academy* a notice of the first performance of *Macbeth*. Fleeming opened the paper, read so far, and flung it on the floor. 'No,' he cried, 'that won't do. You were thinking of yourself, not of Salvini!' The criticism was shrewd as usual, but it was unfair through ignorance; it was not of myself that I was thinking, but of the difficulties of my trade which I had not well mastered. Another unalloyed dramatic pleasure which Fleeming and I shared the year of the Paris Exposition, was the *Marquis de Villemer*, that blameless play, performed by Madeleine Brohan, Delaunay, Worms, and Broisat—an actress, in such parts at least, to whom I have never seen full justice rendered.

l his fill of weeping on that occasion;
en the piece was at an end, in front of a
the mild, midnight air, we had our fill
bout the art of acting.

vhat gave the stage so strong a hold on
g was an inheritance from Norwich,
dward Barron, and from Enfield of the
. The theatre was one of Edward Bar-
gant hobbies; he read plays, as became
s son-in-law, with a good discretion; he
lays for his family, in which Eliza Bar-
l to shine in the chief parts; and later
fter the Norwich home was broken up,
granddaughter would sit behind him in
armchair, and be introduced, with his
locution, to the world of dramatic lit-
From this, in a direct line, we can de-
charades at Claygate; and after money
the Edinburgh days, that private thea-
h took up so much of Fleeming's energy
ught. The company—Mr. and Mrs. R.
er of Colwall, W. B. Hole, Captain
Douglas, Mr. Kunz, Mr. Burnett, Pro-
ewis Campbell, Mr. Charles Baxter, and
ore—made a charming society for them-

in the *Trachiniæ*, showed true stage talent. As for Mrs. Jenkin, it was for her the rest of us existed and were forgiven; her powers were an endless spring of pride and pleasure to her husband; he spent hours hearing and schooling her in private; and when it came to the performance, though there was perhaps no one in the audience more critical, none was more moved than Fleeming. The rest of us did not aspire so high. There were always five performances and weeks of busy rehearsal; and whether we came to sit and stifle as the prompter, to be the dumb (or rather the inarticulate) recipients of Carter's dog whip in the *Taming of the Shrew*, or having earned our spurs, to lose one more illusion in a leading part, we were always sure at least of a long and an exciting holiday in mirthful company.

In this laborious annual diversion, Fleeming's part was large. I never thought him an actor, but he was something of a mimic, which stood him in stead. Thus he had seen Got in Poirier;



his own Poirier, when he came to play it, thed meritoriously of the model. The last I saw him play was Triplet, and at first I ught it promised well. But alas! the boys t for a holiday, missed a train, and were not d of at home till late at night. Poor Fleem- the man who never hesitated to give his sons isel or a gun, or to send them abroad in a e or on a horse, toiled all day at his re- sal, growing hourly paler, Triplet growing ly less meritorious. And though the re- of the children, none the worse for their adventure, brought the colour back into ace, it could not restore him to his part. I ember finding him seated on the stairs in rare moment of quiet during the subse- t performances. 'Hullo, Jenkin,' said I, look down in the mouth.'—'My dear boy,' he, 'haven't you heard me? I have not one nt intonation from beginning to end.'

t indeed he never supposed himself an r; took a part, when he took any, merely convenience, as one takes a hand at whist; found his true service and pleasure in the congenial business of the manager. Augier,

Racine, Shakespeare, A
Frere's translation, Sop
Lewis Campbell's, such
thors whom he introdu
putting these upon the
sand exercises for his
thousand problems aris
to study, a thousand
these infinitesimal imp
much in art and for the
play had been costumed
tumer, with unforgetab
and indecorum: the s
Sophocles, he took in
lightful task he made
then in antiquarian boo
fusion, and on statues
at last found clearness
the British Museum, he

of course, they were the best tailor
he; and was never weary, when he c
tolerant listener, of dwelling on the
the economy, the elegance both of
effect, which made their system so d

But there is another side to the
ager's employment. The discipline
detestable; the failures and triumj
business appeal too directly to the v
even in the course of a careful ar
formance such as ours, much of the
of man will be displayed. Fleem
conflicting vanities and levities, play
to my admiration. He had his ow
might be wrong; but the perforr
would remind us) were after all l
must decide. He was, in this as i
things, an iron taskmaster, sparing

most of those who fell ur
and particularly (it is ple
from the girls. After the
the incomplete accomplis
school, there was somethir
at last exciting and bracin
ard of accomplishment and

III.

It did not matter why h
study or employment, whe
like the Greek tailoring o
whether from a desire to
with his sanitary work, or
fiting poorer men as with
nical education, he 'pitched
have said himself) with the
I give in the Appendix a

rich, Fleeming hoped his Sanitary
would soon extend their sphere
and improve the dwellings of the p
hope he was disappointed; but in
the scheme exceedingly prospered
sprang up and continue to spring
quarters, and wherever tried they
found of use.

Here, then, was a serious employ
proved highly useful to mankind
begun besides, in a mood of bitt
the shock of what Fleeming would
ly feel—the death of a whole famil
Yet it was gone upon like a holi
read in Colonel Fergusson's lett
schoolmates bantered him when
broach his scheme; so did I at firs
the banter as he always did with
until he suddenly posed me with

wrote about the joy of ele
'What shall I compare them
—a Greek play?' Delight
cise of all his powers; delight
Of these ideal visions, som
failed of their fruition. Ar
characteristic. Fleeming be
to make a virtue cheap and
would practise it; that for
ably good, men would not gr
and a little money, though t
at laborious pains and gene
could not believe in any re
cannot quite say,' he wrote
hood, 'that I think there is
This I can say: I do not re
malicious act done to mys
rather awkward when I hav
Prayer. I have nobody's tre

the transmigratory forces of imagi
undertook to describe to him three
redeemably bad and whom he should
be so. In the first case, he denied my
'You cannot judge a man upon such t
said he. For the second, he owned it
sick to hear the tale; but then the
spark of malice, it was mere weakness
scribed, and he had never denied no
to set a limit to man's weakness.
third gentleman, he struck his colour
said he, 'I'm afraid that *is* a bad m
then looking at me shrewdly: 'I wo
isn't a very unfortunate thing for yo
met him.' I showed him radiantly h
the world we must know, the world
not a world expurgated and pretti
optimistic rainbows. 'Yes, yes,' said

Something fell to be done
Cricket Ground Bazaar. '
struck him,' Mr. Ewing writ
hibit Edison's phonograph, t
est scientific marvel. The in
not to be purchased—I thinl
then crossed the Atlantic—
Times with an account of it
by the help of this we made a
to our great joy talked, and ta
purest American accent. It
a second instrument was go
Both were shown at the Ba
Jenkin to people willing to pa
a private view and the privile
own voices, while Jenkin, p
gave half-hourly lectures on t
joining room—I, as his lieute
The thing was in its way a

ballot-box, into the hands of Sir Wil
son.' The other remained in Fleem
and was a source of infinite occupa
it was sent to London, 'to bring
tinfoil the tones of a lady distinguis
vocalisations; at another time Sir R
tison was brought in to contribute
bass'; and there scarcely came a v
the house, but he was made the su
periment. The visitors, I am afraid
parts lightly: Mr. Hole and I, with
laughter, commemorating various
Scotch accent, or proposing to 'tea
dumb animal to swear.' But Fleem
Ewing, when we butterflies were go
boriously ardent. Many thoughts
pied the later years of my friend
from the small utterance of that to

this trifling matter of the p
it seems to me that it depic
Fleeming, one thing joine
greater with the less. He
was he scratched the surfa
mystery—in the child's toy,
in the laws of the tempest,
of energy or mass—certain
touched, it was a part of l
touched it, there would flo
stitution interest and deligh
their morals,' says Thoreau
enjoy the story.' There is
for the imagination in the
poem, where we are told,
hours of visionary clearness

'see the children sport
And hear the mighty water

To this clearness Fleeming
although he heard the voic
and weighed its message, h
the end of his life, to spo
of death and mystery with
cence of children.

IV.

It was as a student that I firs
ing, as one of that modest num
men who sat under his ministrat
chilling class-room at the top of
buildings. His presence was aga
professor: no one, least of all st
have been moved to respect him
rather short in stature, markedly
young in manner, cocking his hea
with every mark of the most eng
and readiness to be pleased, full
of paradox, a stranger could scarc
at him twice, a man thrown with
could scarcely fail to be engaged
but a student would never regar
demical. Yet he had that fibre in

simply a man from
in manner the least
had, in serious mo
goodness. So it w
over the most in
power of which I
was inclined to re
and Fleeming as
haps the broadest
curriculum. I wa
tures; I somehow
self, as was my
frained from atte
the end of the se
contemned profe
my eyes. During
was, he had show
ciety; I had beer
me to take a hun
was a master in th
cate even at the c
der no apprehens
Fleeming, I found
would have naug
for *you* to come

may be doubtful cases, there is no d
yours. You have simply *not* attende
The document was necessary to me
considerations; and presently I stoo
pleadings and rose to such adjuratio
my ears burn to remember. He wa
moved; he had no pity for me.—'
fool,' said he, 'and you chose your
showed him that he had misconceive
that certificates were things of form,
a matter of taste. Two things, he r
been required for graduation, a cert
tency proved in the final trials and a
riod of genuine training proved by
if he did as I desired, not less than
me hints for an examination, he wa
to steal a degree. 'You see, Mr.
these are the laws and I am her

said he. 'Then I will
I came charged with
assortment. And whe
self, 'Remember,' said
nothing, but I will try
He did find one, and I
think of his shame in g
made no reproach in
was the more eloquent
a dirty business we we
his presence, with my
possession, but with no
umph. That was the
love for Fleeming; I
him afterwards.

Once, and once only,
truly founded, did we
difference. It was, by t
ity, my fault and his,

always ready to repent, but always
peat; and on this occasion he sp
that I soon made an excuse and l
with the firm purpose of returni
About a month later, I met him a
common friend's. 'Now,' said he,
'I engage you—like a lady to da
end of the evening. You have no rig
with me and not give me a chance.'
said and thought that Fleeming ha
belied the opinion then. I remem
how, so soon as we could get togeth
his attack: 'You may have groun
with me; you have none against Mrs.
before I say another word, I want
ise you will come to *her* house as
interview thus begun could have
ing: if the quarrel were the fault

to ripen, and grow milder, and un
generously the mingled character
the early days he once read me a
and I remember leaving his ho
spring afternoon, with the physic
despair upon my eyesight. Long
me a formal retractation of the
formal apology for the pain he
adding drolly, but truly, 'You see
I was so much younger than yo
even in those days there was much
him; and above all his fine spirit of
and trustfully accepting life, and h
light in the heroic.

His piety was, indeed, a thing
portance. His views (as they ar
religious matters varied much;
never be induced to think them
than views. 'All dogma is to m
he wrote; 'dogmas are mere blin
express the inexpressible. I ca
that any single proposition whate
is true in the scientific sense; a
while I think the religious view o
the most true view. Try to sepa

mass of their statements that which
to Socrates, Isaiah, David, St. Be
Jansenists, Luther, Mahomet, Bunyar
George Eliot: of course you do not b
this something could be written do
of propositions like Euclid, neithe
deny that there is something comme
something very valuable. . . . I shal
if the boys ever give a moment's thou
question of what community they b
I hope they will belong to the great co
I should observe that as time went
formity to the church in which he
grew more complete, and his views d
the conventional. 'The longer I liv
Louis,' he wrote but a few months
death, 'the more convinced I become
care by God—which is reasonably im

great and sound metaphysics,
say; and a word once made a
derstood, he thought a real vict
reason. But he never dreame
curate, knowing that words s
the indefinable. I came to h
problem which had puzzled me
what is a cause? why out of sc
able millions of conditions, all r
one be singled out and ticket
'You do not understand,' said
the answer to a question: it
condition which I happen to
happen not to know.' It
partial exception of the ma
he thought of all means of
were in his eyes but means
tion, so to be understood, sc

tions it could deal, and deal corre
ing honestly faint truths. Apply
any concrete fact of life, and this
of the wise became a childish jargo

Thus the atheistic youth was
turn by a scepticism more comp
own, so that the very weapons of t
changed in his grasp to swords of
tainly the church is not right, he
but certainly not the anti-church
are not such fools as to be wholly
nor yet are they so placed as to b
in the right. Somewhere, in mi
the disputants, like hovering Vic
design of a Greek battle, the tru
discerned. And in the meanwhil
these uncertainties? Right is ve
great consent of the best of ma

our problem; the manners of
colours of our palette; they
constrain us; and a man must
is in the right, must (in a fa
his) be 'either very wise or ver
with any general consent in eth
taking his advice upon some p
'Now,' he said, 'how do you
would have advised you?' and
swered that he would not hav
anything unkind or cowardly, 'N
one of his shrewd strokes at the
hearer, 'nor anything amusing
he made less certain in the field
old story of the knowledge of g
very true one,' I find him writin
on) 'the effect of the original
worn out, leaving Adam's desc
knowledge that there is such

positively must be something else t
do, and I want to see you find that
it.' Fleeming would never suffer y
that you were living, if there were
where in your life, some touch of
do or to endure.

This was his rarest quality. Far c
age, when men begin to lie down w
tial goddesses, Comfort and Respec
strings of his nature still sounded
note as a young man's. He lovec
voice of duty like a call to battle
courage, enterprise, brave natures, a
an ugly virtue; everything that lif
the table where we eat or the be
upon. This with no touch of the mo
or the ascetic. He loved his virtues
tical, his heroes to be great eaters

with the smallness of the sceke
there shone anywhere a virtu
incongruously set, it was upo
must fix our eyes. I rememl
much entertainment in Voltair
ing him what seemed to me the
He heard me out, as usual whe
then opened fire on me with r
belittle a noble story was easy
ature, it was not art, it was not
was no sustenance in such a
there was (in his favourite pl
enous food' in such literature
proceeded to show what a fi
was; and what a hard knot
Bathsheba, so that (the initial w
honour might well hesitate in t
duct; and what owls those p
marvelled because an Eastern

It was this taste for what is fine
kind, that ruled his choice in boo
should all strike a high note, whetl
tender, and smack of the open air.
and simple presentation of things
simple, that was the 'nitrogenou
which he spoke so much, which h
eagerly, enjoyed so royally. He v
author, the first part of whose story
with sympathy, hoping that it mig
in the same vein. 'That this ma
wrote, 'I long with the longing o
the water of Bethlehem. But no m
for the water a poet can give, a
drink it to the end of time, and th
quenched and the pool never dr
thirst and the water are both bless
in the Greeks particularly that he

Two Cities out of Di
his preferences. To
was always faithful;
favourite; and he fou
tertainment in the *Ara*
George Eliot he outg
only sawdust in the r
while it lasted, was g
some way to form his
on edge, however, by c
that books should te
what 'real life would
presented.' Again, it
took him, the drama i
itself, to any merit of
strangely blind. He w
non in the prose of M
But he was his mothe
last. He told me on
not a trade; that it wa
fessed author was me
door-plate. 'Very well
you get a proof, I will
much a trade as brick
not know it.' By the

came. I opened it with fear; for he w
as the reader will see by these volu
midable amateur; always wrote bri
cause he always thought trenchantly;
times wrote brilliantly, as the worst o
may sometimes stumble on a perfect i
But it was all for the best in the inter
education; and I was able, over tha
give him a quarter of an hour such as
loved both to give and to receive.
quent training passed out of my h
those of our common friend, W. E
'Henley and I,' he wrote, 'have fa
times wigging one another for not do
I wig him because he won't try to w
play, and he wigs me because I ca
write English.' When I next saw h
full of his new acquisitions. 'And
lost something too,' he said regretf
to now Scott seemed to me quite
was all I wanted. Since I have be
this confounded thing. I took up
novels, and a great deal of it is bo
and clumsy.'

V.

He spoke four languages
even English with any marke
he uttered was not so much
lently acted: so we may hea
expressive language of a po
assume character and colour
good player. No man had
comica in private life; he pl
on the stage, as he could pl
his friends. It was one of h
now when the voice is silent
it makes it impossible to do j
in conversation. He was a del
to such as can bear bracing w
very vain; not to the owlishly
have their dogmas canvassed
fully refined, whose sentiment
of faith. The spirit in whic
that he was 'much revived by
tunity of abusing Whistler to a
admirers,' is a spirit apt to
He was not a dogmatist, eve
'The house is full of pretty

when on a visit; 'but Mrs. ——'s taste in
things has one very bad fault: it is not my
And that was the true attitude of his mir
these eternal differences it was his joy to
out and wrangle over by the hour. It
wonder if he loved the Greeks; he was i
ways a Greek himself; he should have
sophist and met Socrates; he would hav
Socrates, and done battle with him sta
and manfully owned his defeat; and t
logue, arranged by Plato, would have
even in Plato's gallery. He seemed
aggressive, petulant, full of a singular c
as vain you would have said as a peacoc
you trod on his toes, and then you saw
was at least clear of all the sicklier elem
vanity. Soundly rang his laugh at a
against himself. He wished to be take
took others, for what was good in him
dissimulation of the evil, for what was
him without concealment of the childis
hated a draped virtue, and despised a wi
own defence. And he drew (if I may so
myself) a human and humorous portrait
self with all his defects and qualities, as

enjoyed in talk the robust s
gence ; giving and taking ma
out pretence, always with pa
exuberant pleasure ; speaking
knew, foolishly of what he kr
a learner, but still combativ
what was said even to the l
ness, yet aware of all that
jubilant in victory, delighted
sophist, a British schoolboy.

Among the legends of wh
pleasant spot, the old Savile
vorced from Savile Row, the
ories of Fleeming. He was r
being known simply as 'the r
and goes up to Scotland'; l
I think, the most generally lil
bers. To those who truly kr
who had tasted the real swee
Fleeming's porcupine ways l
matter of keen regret. The
to their own friends with fe
called the step with mortific
possible to look on with pat
so lovable thwarted love at

the course of time and the ripening c
brought a cure. It was at the Sa
first remarked a change; it soon spr
the walls of the club. Presently
writing: 'Will you kindly explain
happened to me? All my life I ha
good deal, with the almost unfailin
making people sick of the sound of
It appeared to me that I had vario
say, and I had no malevolent feelings
theless the result was that expre
Well, lately some change has happ
talk to a person one day, they mu
the next. Faces light up when the
"Ah, I say, come here,"—"come an
me." It's the most preposterous thin
perienced. It is curiously pleasant.
enjoyed it all your life, and there
conceive how bewildering a burst of
first time at forty-nine.' And this la
of popularity still further softened
was a bit of a porcupine to the las
ding darts; or rather he was to the e
schoolboy, and must still throw ston
essential toleration that underlay h

tiousness, and the kindness
tender sicknurse and a ger
more conspicuously throug
had come to him ; and as wi
he was bettered by the plea

I can best show Fleeming
quoting from a vivid and
M. Emile Trélat's. Here, a
is how he appeared to a
nation, whom he encounte
M. Trélat will pardon me i
fore I quote him ; but what
posed to flow from some
against France, was only F
dress. Had M. Trélat been
have fared as ill ; and yet I
favourite country.

Vous savez comment j'ai co
C'était en Mai 1878. Nous étio
du jury de l'Exposition Univer
fait qui vaille à la première séa
avait eu lieu le matin. Tout l
reparlé pour ne rien dire. Ce
heures ; il était midi. Je dema
motion d'ordre, et je proposai q
la condition que chaque memb
déjeuner un juré étranger. Jenk

emmène déjeuner,' lui criai-je. 'Je veux
Nous partîmes; en chemin nous vous renc
vous présente et nous allons déjeuner tous
du Trocadéro.

Et, depuis ce temps, nous avons été de
Non seulement nous passions nos journées
nous étions toujours ensemble, côte-à-côte.
habitudes s'étaient faites telles que, non c
déjeuner en face l'un de l'autre, je le ram
presque tous les jours chez moi. Cela dur
zaine : puis il fut rappelé en Angleterre. M
et nous fîmes encore une bonne étape de v
uelle, morale et philosophique. Je croi
rendait déjà tout ce que j'éprouvais de sy
d'estime, et que je ne fus pas pour rien dan
à Paris.

Chose singulière ! nous nous étions atta
l'autre par les sous-entendus bien plus
matière de nos conversations. A vrai dire,
presque toujours en discussion; et il nous
nous rire au nez l'un et l'autre pendant des
nous nous étonnions réciproquement de la
nos points de vue. Je le trouvais si Angl
trouvait si Français ! Il était si franchemer
certaines choses qu'il voyait chez nous, et
nais si mal certaines choses qui se passaient
Rien de plus intéressant que ces contacts
des contrastes, et que ces rencontres d'idées
des choses; rien de si attachant que les é
cœur ou d'esprit auxquelles ces petits conflit
à tout moment cours. C'est dans ces conc
pendant son séjour à Paris en 1878, je cond
partout mon nouvel ami. Nous allâmes ch
Edmond Adam, où il vit passer beaucoup

politiques avec lesquels il causa. M
ministres qu'il fut intéressé. Le m
leurs, curieux en France. Je me ra
je le présentai au Ministre du Com
spirituelle repartie : 'C'est la second
en France sous la République. La pr
en 1848, elle s'était coiffée de trav
heureux de saluer aujourd'hui votre
elle a mis son chapeau droit.' Une
voir couronner la Rosière de Nanter
cérémonies civiles et religieuses ; il y
donné par le Maire ; il y vit notre de
porta un toast. Le soir, nous revînm
faisait chaud ; nous étions un peu fa
trâmes dans un des rares cafés encor
vint silencieux.—'N'êtes-vous pas
journée?' lui dis-je.—'O, si! mais je
dis que vous êtes un peuple gai—tou
étaient gais aujourd'hui. C'est une
vous l'avez en France, cette vertu!'
mélancoliquement ; et c'était la prem
entendais faire une louange adressée
Mais il ne faut pas que vous voyiez
ma part. Je serais un ingrat si je n
il me disait souvent : 'Quel bon Fran
Et il m'aimait à cause de cela, quoiqu'
pas la France. C'était là un trait de s
est vrai qu'il s'en tirait en disant qu
pas à mes compatriotes, ce à quoi il ne
—Tout cela était fort curieux ; ca
l'aimais quoiqu'il en eût à mon pays!

En 1879 il amena son fils Austin
celui-ci. Il déjeunait avec moi deux
Je lui montrai ce qu'était l'intimité f

toyant paternellement. Cela reserra beauco
d'intimité avec Jenkin. . . . Je fis inviter
congrès de l'*Association française pour l'av*
sciences, qui se tenait à Rheims en 1880.
J'eus le plaisir de lui donner la parole dan
du génie civil et militaire, que je présidais.
très intéressante communication, qui me m
fois de plus l'originalité de ses vues et la
science. C'est à l'issue de ce congrès que
faire visite à Rochefort, où je le trouvai in
mille et où je présentai pour la première foi
mages à son éminente compagne. Je le vi
jour nouveau et touchant pour moi. Mad
qu'il entourait si galamment, et ses deux
donnaient encore plus de relief à sa perso
portai des quelques heures que je passai à
dans ce charmant paysage un souvenir ému

J'étais allé en Angleterre en 1882 sans p
ner Edimbourg. J'y retournai en 1883 a
mission d'assainissement de la ville de Pa
faisais partie. Jenkin me rejoignit. Je le
par mes collègues; car il était fondateur d
de salubrité. Il eut un grand succès p
Mais ce voyage me restera toujours en mé
que c'est là que se fixa d finitivement not
itié. Il m'invita un jour à dîner à son clu
ment de me faire asseoir à côté de lui, il
me dit: 'Je voudrais vous demander de
quelque chose. C'est mon sentiment que n
ne peuvent pas se bien continuer si vous ne
pas la permission de vous tutoyer. Voul
nous nous tutoyions?' Je lui pris les mains
qu'une pareille proposition venant d'un Ang
Anglais de sa haute distinction, c'était une v

happiness, which has be
the while. This is the re
where things get blacker
hopeless woe. Smiles has
idea, and only shows a b
by a little respite before
critic might say my new
nature. I'm sick of this
art. Hold a mirror up, i
picture of how things oug
up to nature, and perhap
may repent and mend he
idea' might be possible in
genuity of nature could
life of any man. And yet
to fancy that she had rea
the hint; for to Fleemin
were strangely blended
when death came, it can
to him not unkindly.

In the autumn of that sa
ing's father and mother we
den of their house at Mer
ter fell to the ground. I
time to be a stumble; it

premonitory stroke of palsy. From there fell upon her an abiding panic glib, superficial part of us that spea sons could allege no cause, science find no mark of danger, a son's sol laid at rest; but the eyes of the bo approach of a blow, and the consc the body trembled at its coming. I moment; the brilliant, spirited old from her bed, raving. For about s this stage of her disease continued painful and many pathetic circumst husband who tended her, her son w wearied in his visits, looked for no ch condition but the change that con 'Poor mother,' I find Fleeming writ not get the tones of her voice out c . . . I may have to bear this pain time; and so I am bearing it and s self whatever pain seems useless. N do sleep, I am so weary that I n And again later: 'I could do very mind did not revert to my poor mo whenever I stop attending to matt ately before me.' And the next d

never feel a moment's pleasur
my mother's suffering recalled
ing of happiness. A pretty, y
hers by contrast—a careworn
association. I tell you, for I
one else; but do not suppose t
my mind dwell on sorrow.'

In the summer of the next
left her; it left her stone dea
tirely aphasic, but with some re
sense and courage. Stoutly s
with dictionaries, to recover h
and had already made notable
third stroke scattered her acqui
forth, for nearly ten years, strok
stroke, each still further jumbli
her intelligence, but by degree
with such partiality of loss and
her precise state was always a
matter of dispute. She still
friends; she still loved to lear
upon the slate; she still read
list of the subscription library;
interest in the choice of a pla
cals, and could remember and

sages; but alongside of these survivi
were lapses as remarkable, she misb
a child, and a servant had to sit wit
ble. To see her so sitting, speakin
tones of a deaf mute not always to t
and to remember what she had been,
ing appeal to all who knew her. Su
pathos of these two old people in thei
that even the reserve of cities was
the neighbours vied in sympathy an
Where so many were more than usua
it is hard to draw distinctions; bu
rected and I delight to mention in
the good Dr. Joseph Bell, Mr. Thom
Archibald Constable with both thei
Rev. Mr. Belcombe (of whose good
taste I do not hear for the first time—t
come to me by way of the Infirmary

But he to who
greatest change
What was bitter
shaken courage;
of trial, has Mrs.
weep; for the re
commanding offic
child—was served
with a lovely happ
longed all his life t
making, complimer
tesy; the dictates
eyes of the nature
be courteous for t
lusion, partly in a t
before the world as
he paid a call, he v
love' upon a card;
was too much, he v
quet and present i
wrote letters for he
nocent substitution
surprise to Ruffini
ever received, in the
very obvious reflect

had always adored this wife
tended and sought to represen
ence: it was now, if not before
pay the compliment; mind eno
to perceive his unwearied kindn
moral qualities seemed to surv
paired, a childish love and gra
reward. She would interrupt a
cross the room and kiss him.
cited (as she did too often) it
come behind her chair and pa
and then she would turn roun
hand in hers, and look from hi
with a face of pride and love; a
moments only that the light
vived in her eyes. It was hard
it was impossible for any that
behold these mute scenes, to

chants of Aux Cayes, who ha
in some 'counter-revolution'
the consul of his 'able and
'his cool, steady judgment
with admiration; and of him
and an ornament to H. M. N
is plain he must have sunk
during the years when he was
often a dumb figure, in his wif
but with this new term of serv
visibly. He showed tact and
managing his wife, guiding or
the touch, holding family wo
that she could follow and ta
took (to the world's surprise)
ages, biographies, Blair's *Serm*
letter's sake) a work of Ver
proved, however, more than
pared for. He shone more,
way, in society; and twice h
day to Glenmorven, where, a
he was the delight of the Hig
his last pleasures was to arran
Many and many a room (in th
thriftless existence) had he se

'with exquisite taste' and perhaps
siderable luxury': now it was his tu
decorator. On the wall he had an
Lord Rodney's action, showing the
father's ship, if the reader recollect
side of this on brackets, his father's
his father's telescope, a gift from Ad
ner, who had used it himself during
ment; higher yet, the head of his
first stag, portraits of his son and hi
and a couple of old Windsor jug
Buckner's. But his simple trophy
complete; a device had to be
framed and hung below the eng
for this he applied to his daughte
want you to work me something,
anchor at each side—an anchor—s
old sailor, you know—stands for

In 1881, the time of the go
round for that sad and pret
fell on a Good Friday, and
scarcely be recalled without
tears. The drawing-room w
ents and beautiful bouquets
ing and his family, the golde
groom displayed with unspea
painfully excited that the g
moment to see her stricken
and moderating her with his
understanding, and doing th
day with more than his usua
they were brought to the d
the Captain's idea of a feast
and champagne, fruit and to
tle luxuries, set forth pell-m
random on the guests. A
make a speech for himself a
ing their destiny, their marria
daughter-in-law, their grandel
fold causes of gratitude: sur
cent speech, the old, sharp c
nocence now watching him w
ration. Then it was time

depart; and they went away, bath
the youngest child, in tears of inse
row and gladness, and leaving the g
and bridegroom to their own soci
of the hired nurse.

It was a great thing for Fleemi
even thus late, the acquaintance of
but the harrowing pathos of such
sumed him. In a life of tense int
fort, a certain smoothness of emo
were to be desired; or we burn tl
both ends. Dr. Bell perceived tl
was being done; he pressed Mrs. J
strain her husband from too frequen
here was one of those clear-cut, ind
ties for which Fleeming lived, and l
pardon even the suggestion of negl

And now, after death had so long

in man's destiny was a d
'My visit to Stowting has
but not at all a painful o
case you ever wish to mal
ought to die in a novel,' he
tell you all about my old
see a nearer instance befor
ily of Jenkin, if they were
to live, had the art of m
John was but an outsider
dropped out of hail of his
and station in society, and
shrewd, old, humble frien
kept a lodge; yet he led t
coming deaths, and began i
ing that train of tender ar
which was like a preparati
ready I find him writing in
impending deaths'; already
of consolation. 'There is
for these wayfarers,' he w
hope—more than hope, trus

On May 19, 1884, Mr. Au
was seventy-eight years of
with all his old firmness, an

knowledge that he had left his w
for. This had always been a bo
for the Barrons were long-lived an
that she would long survive hir
union had been so full and quiet t
tin languished under the separat
last years, they would sit all eve
own drawing-room hand in hand:
ple who, for all their fundament
had yet grown together and becom
in each other's eyes and hearts; a
to be a kind release, when eight m
January 14, 1885, Eliza Barron fo
Austin. 'I wish I could save
pain,' wrote Fleeming six days la
rowing wife, 'I would if I could—
is not God's way; and of this be as
way is best.'

be described. There he lay, sing
songs; watching the poultry fro
with a child's delight; scribbling
tle messages to his wife, who lay
another room; glad to have Psa
to him, if they were of a pious str
with an 'I don't think we need
dear,' any that were gloomy or bl
ing's wife coming to the house a
of the nurses for news of Mrs. Je
I do not know,' said the nurse; '
so carried away by the Captain th
of nothing else.' One of the last
bled to his wife and sent her with
champagne that had been ordere
ran, in his most finished vein of c
gal: 'The Captain bows to you, n
the table.' When the end was n
thought best that Fleeming shoul
home but sleep at Merchiston, he
to the Captain with some trepida
that it carried sentence of death
charming—charming arrangement
tain's only commentary. It wa
thing for a dying man, of Cap

school of manners, to make some e
of his spiritual state; nor did he ne
observance. With his usual abruptness
ing,' said he, 'I suppose you and I feel
this as two Christian gentlemen should
pleasure was secured for him. He
waiting with painful interest for new
don and Khartoum; and by great good
a false report reached him that the ci
lieved, and the men of Sussex (his o
bours) had been the first to enter.
in bed and gave three cheers for the Su
ment. The subsequent correction, if i
time, was prudently withheld from t
man. An hour before midnight on
of February, he passed away: aged eig

Word of his death was kept from Mr
and she survived him no more than

Thus, in the space of less
four seniors of this family
taken with such features o
or pleasant courage in th
was tempered with a kind
effect on Fleeming was pro
timism increased and becam
thing mystic and filial. 'T
the approaches to it are ter
in the beginning of his
thought so no more, whe
and mother side by side a
always loved life; in the br
mained to him, he seemed t
death. 'Grief is no duty,' h
'it was all too beautiful for
but the emotion, call it by
shook him to his depths;
would have broken his hea
molish the Captain's troph
and he seemed thencefort
man.

These last years were in
cessive demand upon his
only worn out with sorrow,

hope. The singular invention t
the name of telpherage, had of
his time, overtaxed his strength
his imagination. The words in
mentioned his discovery to me
Alnaschar'—were not only de
state of mind, they were in a s
since whatever fortune may awai
future, it was not his to see it b
Alnaschar he was indeed; behol
a world all changed, a world fill
age wires; and seeing not only h
ily but all his friends enriched.
ure, when the company was flo
those whom he liked with stock
never knew that he was a possib
til the grave had closed over hi
factor. And however Fleeming

If I am Mr. Fossil, you will be M
Jack will be Jack Fossil, and all t
little fossils, and then we shall k
There was no fear more chimer
ing; years brought him no repo
packed with energy, as fiery in
first; weariness, to which he b
stranger, distressed, it did not q
feared for himself, not without g
which had overtaken his mother
the fear. In the changed life no
family, the elders dead, the so
home upon their education, ev
domestic (Mrs. Alice Dunns) lea
after twenty-two years of service
natural that he should return to
He and his wife were to go (as
'a real honeymoon tour.' He
alone with his wife 'to speak
since the birth of his children.
was to enjoy the society of he
wrote, in these last days, tha
'Heaven on earth.' Now he
Italy, and see all the pictures
ings and the scenes that he adm

and lay aside for a time the irritations of
strenuous activity. Nor was this all. A trif
operation was to restore his former lightnes
foot; and it was a renovated youth that wa
set forth upon this reënacted honeymoon.

The operation was performed; it was c
trifling character, it seemed to go well, no
was entertained; and his wife was reading al
to him as he lay in bed, when she perceived
to wander in his mind. It is doubtful if he
recovered a sure grasp upon the things of life;
he was still unconscious when he passed av
June the twelfth, 1885, in the fifty-third yea
his age. He passed; but something in his
lant vitality had impressed itself upon his frie
and still impresses. Not from one or two o
but from many, I hear the same tale of how
imagination refuses to accept our loss and

APPENDIX.

I.

NOTE ON THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF FLEEM TO ELECTRICAL AND ENGINEERING SC SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, F.R.S., LL.D.

IN the beginning of the year 1859 my form (the first British University Professor o ing), Lewis Gordon, at that time deeply eng then new work of cable making and cable l to Glasgow to see apparatus for testing cables and signalling through them, which preparing for practical use on the first At and which had actually done service upon it six weeks of its successful working betwe and Newfoundland. As soon as he had see

and ability, but with his resolution t
thing spoken of, to see if possible t
every difficult question, and (no *if*
over nothing. I soon found that th
esty was as strongly engrained in th
moral side of his character.

In the first week of our acquain
telegraph and, particularly, submar
methods, machines, and instrumen
ing, and using them, formed natural
of our conversations and discussion
the practical object of Jenkin's visit
but not much of the week had pas
him remarkably interested in science
of intelligent eagerness on many p
of dynamics and physics. When
Glasgow to Birkenhead a correspon
between us, which was continued wi
up to the last days of his life. It
well-sustained fire of letters on ea
physical qualities of submarine cab
tical results attainable in the way
through them. Jenkin used excell
opportunities for experiment allow
and his partner Lewis Gordon, at the
tory. Thus he began definite scien
of the copper resistance of the con
sulating resistance and specific induc
gutta-percha coating, in the factory

of manufacture; and he was the very first
systematically into practice the grand sy
lute measurement founded in Germany
Weber. The immense value of this step,
spect to the electric telegraph, is amply a
all who remember or who have read som
history of submarine telegraphy; but it c
known generally how much it is due to Je

Looking to the article 'Telegraph (El
last volume of the old edition of the '
Britannica,' which was published about
we find on record that Jenkin's measurem
lute units of the specific resistance of pure
and of the gutta-percha with Chatterto
constituting the insulation of the Red Sea
are given as the only results in the wa
measurements of the electric resistance
ing material which had then been mad
marks are prefaced in the 'Encyclopæd
the following statement: 'No telegraphic
in future to be accepted in any departn

article: 'The importance of having
in absolute measure is illustrated by
that the writer has been able at once
in the manner stated in a preceding
his own previous deductions from
Atlantic cable during its manufactur
Weber's measurements of the specifi
per.' It has now become universally
all in England; twenty-two years lat
country of its birth; and by France
the other countries of Europe and A
ly the whole scientific world—at t
gress in Paris in the years 1882 and

An important paper of thirty quar
in the 'Transactions of the Royal So
1862, under the title 'Experimental
Transmission of Electric Signals t
cables, Part I. Laws of Transmissi
lengths of one cable, by Fleeming
municated by C. Wheatstone, Esq., F
account of a large part of Jenkin's
in the Birkenhead factory during
1860. This paper is called Part I.
appeared, but something that it wo
we can see from the following omino
I find near the end of Part I.: 'F
electrostatical capacity per unit o
specific inductive capacity of the c
determined. These points will, how

treated of in the second part of this p
had in fact made a determination at Birk
specific inductive capacity of gutta-per
gutta-percha and Chatterton's compour
the insulation of the cable, on which he
This was the very first true measuremen
inductive capacity of a dielectric which h
after the discovery by Faraday of the e
property, and his primitive measureme
three substances, glass, shellac, and sulph
time when Jenkin made his measuremen
of specific inductive capacity was eithe
ignored, or denied, by almost all the scie
ties of the day.

The original determination of the micr
out under the auspices of the British As
mittee on Electrical Standards, is due t
work by Jenkin, described in a paper, 'E
Capacity,' constituting No. IV. of the a
Report presented by the Committee t
Meeting of 1867. No other determinat

Weber, was largely due to Jenkin's originators, and persevering energy ber, of the first Electrical Standard experimental work of first making founded on the absolute system, w now known as the British Associati performed by Clerk Maxwell and Je tion of the great practical benefit from the experimental and scientific mittee is certainly in a large meas zeal and perseverance as secretary, volume of Collected Reports of th mittee, which extended over eight 1869. The volume of Reports inclu Lectures of January, 1866, 'On Subs through which the practical applic tific principles for which he had w for eight years became part of gene engineering profession.

Jenkin's scientific activity contin ment to the end. For the last tw he was much occupied with a ne locomotion, a very remarkable inv to which he gave the name of 'Te severed with endless ingenuity in numerous and difficult mechanica sential to the project, up to the v work in life. He had completed al the realisation of the system which

for practical working at Glynde, in Sussex, f
after his death.

His book on 'Magnetism and Electricity
as one of Longman's elementary series in 1
a new departure in the exposition of electr
first text-book containing a systematic ap
the quantitative methods inaugurated by
Association Committee on Electrical Sta
1883 the seventh edition was published, aft
already appeared two foreign editions, on
and the other in German.

His papers on purely engineering subjc
not numerous, are interesting and valuable.
these may be mentioned the article 'Brid
by him for the ninth edition of the 'E
Britannica,' and afterwards republished as
treatise in 1876; and a paper 'On the Prac
cation of Reciprocal Figures to the Cal
Strains in Framework,' read before the R
of Edinburgh, and published in the 'Tran
that Society in 1869. But perhaps the mos

constitute from Reulaux's kinemat
machine receiving energy and doing

II.

NOTE ON THE WORK OF FLEEMING NECTION WITH SANITARY REFOR ALEXANDER FERGUSSON.

IT was, I believe, during the autumn came to Fleeming Jenkin the fi idea, not the least in importance of t anated from that fertile brain, whic rapidity, took root, and under his ca panded into a scheme the fruits of w the utmost value to his fellow-citizens

The phrase which afterwards sugg came into use, 'Healthy houses,' ex pily the drift of this scheme, and th that Jenkin had in view.

In the summer of that year there talk, and some newspaper correspond ject of the unsatisfactory condition best houses in Edinburgh as regar state. One gentleman, for example, picture of a large and expensive hou in the West-end of Edinburgh, fresh f hands. To ascertain precisely what the steps to be taken to remedy the

of which were but too apparent, obvious
the expenditure of much time and careful
part of the intelligent proprietor himself
fessional experts he had to call in, and,
to add, much money. There came als
poorer parts of the town, the cry that i
the houses of our working people were
that the dictates of a narrow economy
the speculative and irresponsible builder.
of what was called the 'Sandwich syste
other evils, were brought to light. It is
say, generally, that this particular prac
builder consists in placing in a block o
houses, to save space and money, the wat
one flat, directly under the sanitary appli
other, and so on to the top of a hous
storeys. It is easy to conceive the abom
must ensue when the leakage of the upp
gins to penetrate to the drinking water
picture was a hideous one, apart from the
fact that a whole class of diseases is habit

strong, who now occupies the chair
ing in Edinburgh. Many of the tr
had been recently discussed at a r
ish Association.

It was while such topics were
that Fleeming Jenkin's family were
intelligence of the loss that friend
tained in the deaths of several of
causes that could be traced up to
dition of their house. Sympathy
form of an intense desire that sc
done to mitigate the chance of su
I am permitted to say, the result of
subject was an earnest appeal to th
to turn his scientific knowledge t
way that should make people's ho
and their children's lives more safe
call Jenkin turned his thoughts in t
the scheme which I shall endeavo
out was the result.

The obvious remedy for a faulty
skilful expert, architect or engineer
point out by means of reports and p
and suggest a remedy; but, as rem
Jenkin, 'it has not been the prac
gineers to advise individuals abo
rangements, except where large o
plation.' A point of very consider
such a case as that now supposed.

Appendix.

The problem was to ensure to the gr
citizens sound professional advice co
houses, such as had hitherto been onl
great cost—but 'with due regard to e
siderations.'

The advantages of co-operation are
Everyone can understand how, if a su
of persons combine, there are few lux
tages that are not within their reach,
payment. The advice of a first-rate e
ing a dwelling-house was a palpable a
within the reach of comparatively few.
of a winter in Madeira being prescrib
for a poor Infirmary sufferer.

Like most good plans Jenkin's schem
the extreme, and consisted in *combinat*
subscription.

'Just,' he says, 'as the leading physi
may give his services to great numbers
when these are gathered in a hospita
could not practically visit them in the

the essence of Professor Jenkin's graceful acknowledgment of the this happy idea was derived :—

'An analogous case occurred the "Steam Users' Association,' many boilers burst in that distric tion that an association was fo boilers under a continual course perfect boiler be bought from a owner has then an apparatus as sought to make the sanitary app But in the course of time the boi prudent proprietor, therefore, jo Association, which, from time t boiler, and by the tests they app absolute guarantee against accid inspection by an association was d tinued, 'to Sir William Fairbairn, the honour of serving his apprent users were thus absolutely protect the same idea it was sought to system of a house.

To bring together a sufficient n form such a 'group' as had bee the first step to be taken. No ti it. The idea hitherto roughly b given a more definite form. Th

[1] See paper read at the Congress of t tion, Edinburgh, October 8, 1880.

dictated by Jenkin himself, is before me, a
do better than transcribe it, seeing it is sho
ple. Several important alterations were
made by himself in consultation with one o
Provisional Council; and as experience sug

'The objects of this Association are twof

'1. By taking advantage of the princi
operation, to provide its members at mo
with such advice and supervision as shal
proper sanitary condition of their own dwel

'2. By making use of specially qualified off
port the inhabitants and local authorities i
obedience to the provisions of those laws
which affect the sanitary condition of the c

'It is proposed that an Association wit
jects be formed; and that all residents
municipal boundaries of Edinburgh be
members. That each member of the Assoc
subscribe *one guinea* annually. That in re
annual subscription each member shall be

'3. An annual inspection of his pr
gineer of the Association, with a repo
tary condition.

'4. The right, in consideration of
shillings, of calling on the Engineer, a
of the Association to inspect and re
ence of any infraction or supposed
law affecting the sanitary condition o

'It is proposed that the Associatio
aged by an unpaid Council, to be s
from among its members.

'That the following salaried office
the Association:

'1. One or more acting engineers
their services exclusively to the Asso

'2. A consulting engineer, who s
general supervision, and advise both
principles to be followed, and on diffi

'3. A legal agent, to be engaged
the Council shall hereafter think fit.

'4. A permanent secretary.

'It is also proposed that the office
tion should, with the sanction of t
power to take legal proceedings aga
shall, in their opinion, be guilty of
sanitary regulations in force through
and generally it is intended that the

[1] It was ultimately agreed not to appoint an
occasion should arise for his services; none ha

further and promote all undertakings wh
opinion, are calculated to improve the sa
tion of Edinburgh and its immediate neigh

'In one aspect this Association will be
the Steam Boiler Users' Association, wh
in the employment of skilled inspectors.
aspect it will be analogous to the Associ
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which
community in enforcing obedience to exist

Towards the end of November, 1877, th
handed about among those who were th
likely, from their position and public spiri
such a scheme, so clearly for the good of
nity. Nay more, a systematic 'canvass'
foot; personal application the most direc
use of. The thing was new, and its adv
perfectly obvious to all at a glance. Ev
knows with what enthusiastic earnestn
would take hold of, and insist upon, wha
be wholesome and right will understand
sisted, how he patiently explained, and swe
jections that were raised. One could no
listen, and understand, and agree.

On the evening of 2nd January, 1878, or,
correct, the morning of the 3rd, two old sc
of his at the Edinburgh Academy walked
him from an annual dinner of their 'Clas
way in glowing language he expounded

for sympathy. It was most read
parted from him with pleasant v
garding this vision of his of gr
upon another quality said to be
sort, of this northern land of ours.

But they reckoned hardly suffi
that when Jenkin took a thing of
must *be;* if it lay within the scope
boundless energy.

Having secured a nucleus of w
step was to enlist the sympathies o
It was sought to effect this by a
tures. The first of these (one of
22nd January under the auspice
Philosophical Institution. It wa
shrewd lecturer that in bringing
scheme like this, where there w
novel, it was necessary first of al
should be aware of the evils to v
posed in their own houses, before
a remedy. The correspondence a
having been carried on in the sum
year had shown how crude were th
sons well informed, or considered t
ject. For example, there are few
not aware that a drain, to be safe,
vals along its course openings to th
it must be 'ventilated,' as the phra
time spoken of there were some w

question this principle; even to argue a
ing forth this forcible reply—'Here is
You pour out a poison and send it off on
sea, and forget that on its way there it
will take wings and fly back into your hou
pipes it but recently ran down.' A prop
and ventilated drain was the cure for thi

And the lecturer proceeded to show
burgh, where for the most part house c
good and solid, but, as in other towns, t
houses were built when the arrangemen
sewerage and water supply were very litt
many serious errors were made. 'But,
went on to say, 'Sanitary Science was nc
on a fairly sound basis, and the germ the
of septic ferments, had explained much
be obscure. This theory explained hov
families might in certain cases live with
many years in the midst of great filth, wh
ers in large and apparently clean mansion
down by fever and diphtheria. The fil
found compatible with health was always
and until the germs of some specific di
troduced, this dirt was merely injurious, r
The mansions which were apparently c
fever-visited were found to be those in w
ments had been made for the removal
matter, which arrangements served also

room to another. These mansions ha
extended from one to another throug
sewer. Through these suckers, co
"house drains," they imbibed every
one house in the system could supply.
ments were too often made which si
poison to bed-rooms just as gas or wa
He had known an intelligent person
harm could come up a certain pipe
a bed-room, because nothing offensi
That person had never realised the fa
joined another pipe, which again joined
again whenever there was an epidemi
bourhood, received innumerable poison
although nothing more serious than s
water went down, the germs of typh
any day come up.'

Professor Jenkin then proceeded t
house might be absolutely cut off fro
nation from these sources of evil. Th
large diagrams he showed the several s
within a house. One system coloured
pipes that received foul matter. A sy
blue showed pipes used to ventilate t
The essential conditions of safety in
tings of a house—it was inculcated—we
be breathed, no water to be drunk,
contaminated by connection with *red*
Then in *yellow* were shown the pipes

dirty water, which was not necessarily
white system, which under no circumsta
touch the 'red,' 'blue,' or 'yellow' sys
diagram recalled the complicated anator
which illustrate the system of arteries a
human frame. Little wonder, then, th
man remarked, in perplexity, that he ha
his house for such a mass of pipes; bu
ready there, with other pipes besides, all
den away, as in the human tenement,
table result—as the preacher of cleanlin
declared—'out of sight, out of mind.'

In plain and forcible language were
the ills this product of modern life is he
drastic measures that most of them den
the reputation of a healthy house. L
mation of an Association to carry out the
sketched) cheaply, was briefly introduced

Next morning, January 23rd, was the m
to lay the scheme formally before the

by an imposing array of 'Pr
course several of the Scot
such as the *Building News*,
them directing attention to
teresting experiment about
'what promises to be a very
now being organised, and a
worthy of imitation elsewhe

Several of the writers wa
gular ingenuity of the schen
advice to its adherents, &c.
to be gained by means of
ditional 'one pound one.'

The Provisional Council
tive of the community, and
sufficient to inspire confiden
Lieutenant of the county, I
Justice Clerk, Lord Moncri
Sir Robert Christison; sev
Court of Session; the Pres
Physicians, and of Surgeons
of the University; the Bish

3. The skilled inspection from ti
itary arrangements.

4. No obligation on the part of
suggestions made by the engineers
give skilled advice when such is desi

5. The officers of the Associatic
lay recommended.

6. The Association might be of
bers of the community.

Dean; several of the best known of the Cl
Church of Scotland, Established, Free, an
branches; one or two members of Parlian
than one lady (who should have been pe
tioned earlier on this list) well known for
and public spirit; several well-known cour
men; one or two distinguished civil eng
architects; and many gentlemen of repute
gence and business qualities.

Very soon after the second of the promis
the members of the new Society began t
bered by hundreds. By the 28th of Februa
scribers having been enrolled, they were i
to hold their first regular meeting under the
of Sir Robert Christison, when a perman
composed of many of those who had fro
shown an interest in the movement—for ex
fessor (now Sir Douglas) Maclagan and Lo
Guild (now Sir James) Gowans, Professor J
self undertaking the duties of Consultin
—were appointed. And Jenkin was sing
tunate in securing as Secretary the la
Charles Douglas, a worker as earnest as
was the theory of the originator that th
composed of leading men not necessarily p
engineering knowledge, should 'give a gu
the members that the officials employed s
been carefully selected, and themselves
supervision. Every householder in this

adds, 'knows the names of the g
our Council.'

The new Association was a succ
country. Without going far into
evident what scope there was, an
tions when it is stated that last ye
of the houses inspected in Londo
hood were found to have foul air
them, and 81 per cent. had their s
an unsatisfactory state. Here i
were little, if any, better; as for th
descriptions of some were simply
new Association continued its o
the *rôle* of the Consulting Enginee
tions, hypothetical or real, as wer
working of his scheme. Some of
enough: but all were replied to
factorily resolved. It was showr
'you might have a dinner party
day of your inspection'; that the A
the utmost harmony with the city
the tradesmen usually employed ir
that the officials were as 'confide
infirmities of a house as any phy
patient. The strength of the e
been varied from time to time as c
the moment of writing employm
burgh and country districts in vari
for five engineers temporarily or p

The position Jenkin claimed for the
high one, but not too high: thus he w

'In respect of Domestic Sanitation
the Engineer and that of the medical
while it is the duty of the engineer
doctor what conditions are necessary
the engineer may, nevertheless, claim
privilege of assisting in the warfare a
using his professional skill to determi
ical and constructive arrangements ar
secure these conditions.'[1]

Flattery in the form of imitation
course. A branch was established at
one of the earliest of similar institut
at Newport in the United States. A
at Wolverhampton. In 1881 two su
announced as having been set on foot
the *Times* of April 14th, in a leadin
length, drew attention to the special
plan which it was stated had follow
paper read by Professor Fleeming J

less condition of the householde
plumber' might be for ever chang

The London Association, establ
the parent society, has been follo
year by year; amongst these are
ham, Glasgow, and Liverpool in 18
on, and Newcastle in 1883; Bath
Dublin, and Dundee in 1884; and S
while we write the first steps are b
from Edinburgh, to establish an
treal; sixteen Associations.

Almost, it may be said, a bit
achieved for Fleeming Jenkin's m

In 1878 was published *Healthy*
Douglas), being the substance of th
mentioned as having been deliver
the intention of laying open the
then in contemplation, with a th
Medico-Chirurgical Society. Thi
out of print, and such has been t
the American edition[1] is underst
print, and unobtainable.

In 1880 was printed (London,
a pamphlet entitled *What is the*
ing the Present Laws with Referen

[1] It is perhaps worth mentioning as a
the American publishers who produced thi
out consulting the author, afterwards sen
of course unsolicited by him.

ings, and also of Improving their Sanita
with due Regard to Economical Consider
substance of a paper read by Professor J
Congress of the Social Science Associati
burgh in October of that year.

The first item of *Health Lectures fo*
(Edin., 1881) consists of a discourse on t
the Body' delivered by Professor Jenkin
Institution at Edinburgh, in which the
house sanitation are dwelt on.

House Inspection, reprinted from the *San*
was issued in pamphlet form in 1882. *A*
small tract, *Houses of the Poor; their Sanitu*
ment, in 1885.

In this connection it may be said that w
formulated by Jenkin has been carried out
ure of success that could hardly have be
in one point only, it may be noted, has
been somewhat disappointed as regards th
these Associations should have effected—
was constantly deplored by the founder—
comparative failure as a means of improv
dition of the dwellings of the poorer clas
'hoped that charity and public spirit woul
the Association to obtain reports on poo
and to remedy the most glaring evils.'[1]

[1] It is true, handsome tenements for working peo
built, such as the picturesque group of houses erecte

The good that these associations to be estimated by the numbers They have educated the public on fact that they exist has become g by consequence, persons of all cla satisfy themselves of the reasons such institutions, and thus they le have called them into being.

Builders, burgh engineers, and p any way connected with the const in town or country have been pu and constrained to keep themselv wholesome truths which the engi these Sanitary Associations are th inating.

In this way, doubtless, some g nave been done to poorer teneme actly in the manner contemplated

Now, if it be true that Provide help themselves, surely a debt of him who has placed (as has been att in this brief narrative) the means attainment of a palpable benefit wi through the working of a simple well may be, 'Healthy Houses'; an snake.

ciation, at Bell's Mills, so well seen from every appliance that science can suggest has for the ordinary houses of the poor the ad engineers has been but rarely taken advanta

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